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The Week.

THE President's message opens with the usual statement of general truths, of which the following is a delicious specimen: "Political science, perhaps as highly perfected in our own time and country as in any other, has not yet disclosed any means by which civil war can be absolutely prevented." We are bound to say, however, that there are fewer of these platitudes in this message than usual. As he goes on, Mr. Johnson gets more sensible, and in many places his style is so good as to make us strongly suspect the intervention of Mr. Stanbery. He lays down once more the doctrine that the rebel States have never been out of the Union and are still in it, and must accordingly be governed under, and in strict accordance with, the Constitution. He once more also pronounces the reconstruction legislation of Congress unconstitutional and inexpedient, and demands its repeal. He paints in glowing colors the horrors actual and possible of negro suffrage, and shows, we believe for the tenth time, the impropriety of admitting the negro to the suffrage at once, when the foreigner is forced to undergo a probation of five years, but again fails to mention the very important fact that while there is no disposition on the part of any body of voters to vex or oppress foreigners or deny them justice, there is on the part of the whole Southern population a strong disposition to deny the negroes all rights whatever, except that of life, and on the part of a considerable portion of it a strong disposition to reduce them to serfdom. Mr. Johnson also expresses his willingness to join in any constitutional measure for the negro's elevation, but as he has repeatedly denied that there is any constitutional way for either Congress or him to do anything for them whatever, this declaration is valuable solely as an indication of the goodness of his heart. The expense of reconstruction on the Congressional plan, inasmuch as it will cost \$200,000,000 annually "to uphold the supremacy of the negro governments," he thinks a strong objection to it. The late elections he pronounces a popular condemnation of this policy, and he declares that although under certain circumstances it might be the duty of the Executive to resist Congressional legislation by force, he has not in the present case thought

proper to resort to this course, inasmuch as, the people "still holding the sacred right of the ballot," it was safe to believe that in due course "they would come to the rescue of their own institutions." He protests strongly against the Tenure of Office Act, partly on the ground that it deprives him of his power of dismissing subordinates for incompetency or misconduct, and partly on the ground that while converting him into simply a prosecutor of bad functionaries, it provides no impartial and non-political tribunal before which to carry his complaints. On the subject of the finances the message is both forcible and clear. It pleads strongly for a return to specie payments, and denounces paper currency in J. S. Mill's language as "the most effectual of all contrivances for cheating the laboring classes." On this point Mr. Johnson is sound as a bell; and if he will use his veto liberally in support of his views, we shall be disposed to pardon him many of his past sins. He draws attention to the shocking frauds on the revenue and the necessity of a thorough reform of the whole system, and, we suppose facetiously, ascribes some of the tendency to repudiation which he witnesses and deplores to the disregard of the Congressional majority for its constitutional obligations.

The message, though it would be very bad indeed from any one else, is, on the whole, we think, the best statement of his peculiar opinions Mr. Johnson has put forth—in tone and temper, by far the best; and we have no hesitation in saying that had he adhered to this mode of putting his opinions on record from the beginning, and, while arguing against negro suffrage, had given the smallest indication of a desire to do anything for the negroes except leave them in the power of their old masters, he would have not only served himself, but have made the position of the Republican party very much more difficult than it has been during the last two years.

There is nothing very striking in the Departmental reports. The army, strange to say, considering that half this immense continent is, as we are so often assured, and by none more earnestly than Mr. Johnson, subjected to an "atrocious despotism," numbers—all told—56,000 men! There's a grinding tyranny for you! Let the European oligarchs see and take heart. The number of pensioners on the list is only 155,000, an extraordinary fact, in view of the number of casualties occurring in the war. The revenue of the Post-Office has considerably increased. We wish the same thing could be said of its efficiency. It is at present one of the national disgraces, and will continue to be so until the civil service is reformed. We are at peace with all mankind, though Brazil and Paraguay have refused to accept us as mediators. Hayti and St. Domingo feel kindly towards us, and so does Mexico. We have bought St. Thomas for a West Indian naval station, and the treaty waits confirmation. Alaska is already in our hands, awaiting civil government, which, owing to the absence of white population, we believe it gets on reasonably well without. The Indians, not being used to the *habeas corpus*, do not miss it. The views of foreign nations as to the effect of the United States naturalization laws are unsatisfactory. Prussia is being steadily pressed for a settlement of this question, and the law on the subject as laid down by the English judges in the late Fenian trials embarrasses Mr. Johnson considerably, as it was supported by copious citations from Chancellor Kent and other American authorities. He accordingly calls on Congress for an authoritative statement of the national will in this matter. Such a statement is no doubt highly desirable, but it ought to be drawn up with care, and *not*, we respectfully submit, by the Hon. N. P. Banks. It should be remembered that with the laxity and fraud which attend

naturalization in several places—New York, for instance—we might, if we acted under the guidance of such lights as Messrs. Banks, Chandler, and Robinson, find ourselves called on a dozen times a year to wage war for the deliverance of scamps who have never passed more than one week on American soil, and that in a New York grog-shop.

The returns of the North Carolina election, held on the 19th of November, have come in slowly; and it is only within the last few days that the full extent of the Republican victory has been known. The majority for Republican candidates for the convention is about 50,000, and the majority in favor of a convention fully 70,000. The total vote is about 130,000, of which from 70,000 to 75,000 votes were given by white men. The white Republican voters must have numbered fully 35,000. In the centre of the State, one-third of the whites seem to have voted the Republican ticket, and in the western part, or mountain district, nearly two-thirds of them have done so. The registration showed 103,000 white and only 71,500 colored voters. The result of the election, under these circumstances, is peculiarly gratifying, as it demonstrates that the co-operation of loyal white men may be secured in the work of reconstruction, where they are liberally treated. The permanence of the work in North Carolina is assured by the harmony of the two races. We wish that a like result had been possible in Virginia.

The impeachers brought in their report last week just as we went to press. The argument was written by the celebrated Mr. Williams. We have discussed it elsewhere. Nothing new appears in the evidence. There is not one word about any of the weightier charges made against Mr. Johnson, and the whole document is exceedingly discreditable to everybody concerned. It ought to consign certain politicians to obscurity. General Butler has abandoned the assassination charge apparently, and is now working hard to get people to pay the bondholders in currency without regard to the representations of the Government agents. A more pleasing and creditable task for the afternoon of one's life it would be hard to imagine. In the presence of all this, we may ask once more, what is so valuable in a politician as character?

There has not been much light thrown on the financial future since last week. Speaker Colfax has done all he can to favor the inflationists by his selection of the committees of the House. He has put General Schenck in the chairmanship of the Committee of Ways and Means, probably to the great surprise of the general himself, as it is, we believe, somewhat questionable whether he does not, on the whole, stand higher as a Sanskrit scholar than as a political economist. The Eastern members are apparently determined, despite General Butler's babblings, to make a hard fight for specie, Mr. Morrill leading off in a bill intended to compel the Government to redeem in gold all legal-tender notes presented for this purpose at the United States Treasury, and the National banks to redeem in coin also all their notes of the denomination of \$5 or under by July 4, 1869, and all over \$5 in coin or United States notes. The great fight will probably occur, however, over the attempt to put a stop to the contraction of the currency. The repudiationists are undoubtedly strong, as they have at their backs every unprincipled man in the country, and everybody with principle who finds his needs too strong for his conscience, to say nothing of those who do not know enough to have any conscience in the matter. The buffoonery of the session thus far has been done by Messrs. Chandler and Robinson. Mr. Chandler wants to have the Emperor Theodorus of Abyssinia grant letters of marque against the British, and to have the United States treat his cruisers as the British treated those of the Confederacy. The howls of the enraged aristocracy over this bill have not as yet been heard, but cannot be long in reaching us. Mr. Robinson continues to clamor for impeachment, and has added to his list of criminals our consul in Dublin, whom he accuses of indifference to the woes of the convicted Fenians. The House has, however, appar-

ently not been much amused by all this, as the joke is getting rather stale.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Churchill, of the Judiciary Committee, is properly grateful to Mr. Wilson for what that gentleman said when he "rose to a personal explanation" the other day. He undertook to defend his fellow-committeeman against charges brought against him by *The National Intelligencer*, which watcher on the tower is apt to talk Southron and to talk it too freely. Mr. Churchill, Mr. Wilson thought, was "not a Judas in the body of the committee;" nor "mercenary;" nor "an importunate beggar for place and patronage at the footstool of Executive power;" and with a kindness which we wonder did not lead to "a personal difficulty" on the spot, he added that "however much Mr. Churchill may have erred in judgment, it should not be charged to improper motives or to mercenary considerations." This is a feat of generosity on Mr. Wilson's part; Mr. Churchill does not agree with him in regard to impeachment. It is all the more deserving of praise, because Mr. Wilson evidently is somewhat angry with Mr. Churchill for his change of opinion.

From the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, it appears that the revenue for the fiscal year ending on the 30th of June, 1867, was, from gold customs, \$176,000,000; from direct internal taxes, \$270,000,000; from miscellaneous receipts, \$44,000,000. The total income, then, was \$490,000,000. The public debt at the date of the present report is \$2,491,504,450.

The Mayoral election in this city has had, as far as the Republicans are concerned, a ludicrous termination—*The Tribune* being, as usual on this class of subjects, very unfortunate in its prophecies. Mr. Darling, the Republican candidate, instead of being elected, got about 7,000 less than the usual Republican vote, and Hoffman, the special object of the *Tribune's* animosity, has been elected by a majority of 40,000. This is a fair sample of the way in which the present managers "help" the Republican party by their tactics. Of course the covert support given by them to Wood disgusted thousands of decent Republicans. If somebody does not interfere, these gentlemen will see the party, in these regions at all events, melt like snow in their hands. They are too "shrewd" by half for so simple a community as this is.

The Special Commissioner of the Revenue, Hon. David A. Wells, has printed in advance of the publication of his annual report so much of that document as relates to the tax of two and a half cents a pound now levied on raw cotton. He recalls the fact that for the twelve months preceding the passage of the act of July, 1866, the average price of "middling cotton" had been more than forty cents a pound, and for the twelve months next following July, 1866, was in excess of twenty-five cents, at which prices the tax in question was not so burdensome as the taxes imposed on many other forms of domestic industry. Next he shows that under the stimulus administered by the high prices of our war times the world is now producing more cotton than it can consume at present prices; that the supply from India is greater in quantity and much better in quality than ever before; that new machinery has very recently been invented by the use of which the formerly nearly useless cotton of the East has, to some extent, entered into competition with our own; that, cheap as labor is in India, our tax of two and a half cents a pound is equivalent to a premium of fifty per cent. on the cost of raising cotton in that country; and finally he reaches these conclusions: 1st, that cotton-growing in the Southern States, if untaxed, can be conducted profitably and successfully as against all competition elsewhere; 2d, that if there is put on cotton a tax large enough to make it worth while to collect it, cotton-growing will stop; 3d, that as cotton-growing is familiar to our people and is the sort of labor to which the great body of the Southern laboring population can best turn their hands, and, furthermore, as cotton is our chief export and the most important as adjusting balances of trade and exchanges, it is

therefore advisable that Congress should, as soon as possible, take off the tax.

Mr. Greeley was nominated for the Austrian mission and confirmed last week, whether through malevolence or as a joke, we are unable to say. Somebody at Washington seems determined if possible to make him figure in court circles. He has since been so pestered with applications for the secretaryship of legation that he has had to publish a card announcing that he will not accept the appointment, and requesting would-be secretaries to refrain from troubling him. We recommend him, as the best means of abating the nuisance, to publish the names of the applicants as they come in. We have already expressed our opinions as to Mr. Greeley's fitness for the post of ambassador at the Austrian court, so that we need hardly repeat them. The gist of them was, that, as a high diplomatic functionary in a punctilious and aristocratic capital, Mr. Greeley would prove a failure. Moreover, he is just now badly needed at home. His views on the currency are sound and, above all, honest, and he maintains them with great force and courage; and in the repudiators he finds, for the first time, proper objects for certain weapons in his armory, of which we shall only say, that on ordinary occasions we wish he would not use them.

We hope that those Congressmen who have endeavored to free the country from inter State railroad monopolies will not overlook the recent remarkable decision of the New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals, of course in favor of the Camden and Amboy Company. A railroad which, by forming a connection with another road, was able to carry through-passengers and freight from New York and Philadelphia, is subjected to an injunction not till January 1, 1869—when the monopoly expires—but perpetually; and for any continuance of the "interference," it is declared to be the duty of the Court of Chancery to cause from a quarter to a half of the track of the Raritan and Delaware Company to be taken up, so as to render connection impossible. The extravagance of this decision will not be regretted by those who wish the anti-monopoly cause to be made clearer and stronger than it is. We shall only add that the competition now denounced affects the carriage of freight rather than of passengers, owing to the length of the offending route; and that the blow aimed at it by the Court of Errors falls far more heavily on the people of New Jersey than it does on "foreign" merchants North and South. The district through which the Raritan road is laid may be described as an oasis at each end and a wilderness in the middle. This wilderness, offering peculiar attractions for certain kinds of cultivation and for various manufactures, and being bound by the same rails to vast deposits of marl, has all the elements of regeneration in itself or close at hand. No one who has travelled over the road at the interval of a year, or even of a few months, can fail to have marked the growth and improvement of the country—due to its accessibility to two great markets instead of one, and promising to add materially to the wealth and populousness of the State. To check this progress is absurd and ought to be impossible, and if Maryland can ask to be protected in a republican form of government, how much more has New Jersey a right to petition for the same boon at the hands of the Government!

Mr. Thurlow Weed will soon, we suppose, call a mass-meeting of all patriotic citizens of this city who desire to see General Grant nominated for the Presidency. For the first evening for which it is not already taken, he has engaged the Cooper Institute, with a view of holding such a meeting. Certain gentlemen of this city, however, for reasons known to themselves, last week bought of a man who held it the right to use the Institute last night, and General Grant gets his New York nomination not from Mr. Weed and his friends, but from A. T. Stewart, William B. Astor, Moses Taylor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Hamilton Fish, Moses H. Grinnell, Robert L. Stuart, William T. Blodgett, Le Grand B. Cannon, B. W. Bonney, and many others like them.

The Roman question still continues the question, *par excellence*, of European politics, on which everything else turns. The revelations of the last mail make the situation very much clearer than it was

when we last wrote. There appears to be no doubt that Garibaldi entered the Papal territory with the connivance of the Italian Government, which counted on French non-interference, or else had worked its courage up to the point of not caring for French interference, justifying itself by the theory that the formation of the "Antibes Legion," as it is called, was a violation on the part of France of the September Convention. This legion, which in reality turned the tide against Garibaldi at Mentana, is composed of soldiers and officers in the French army, who have received leave of absence for the special purpose of defending the Pope, while retaining their places and their right to promotion in their own service. Moreover, the legion was formally reminded last summer by a despatch from the Minister of War that it was in reality still under the French flag, and it was this which in reality kindled the Garibaldian flame, as it was an impudent avowal that France had withdrawn from Rome only in name. At Mentana the legion went out, armed with Chassepots, and covered the flanks of the Pontifical troops while the latter attacked the Garibaldians in front. The latter, however, in spite of the horrible slaughter wrought in their ranks by the French rifles, held their ground firmly till nightfall, then withdrew in good order, leaving a garrison behind at Monte Rotondo on their way, which only withdrew on the appearance of the French on the following day. The evacuation of the Pontifical territory by the Italian troops in advance of the French retirement seems to have deeply mortified the Italian army, and forced the Government to order a former official denial of the report that the retreat had been due to French pressure and dictation to be read at the head of every division. The excitement in Italy is intense, and the apparent succumbing of the King's government to France has undoubtedly shaken his throne seriously, and strengthened the republicans. Louis Napoleon has contrived to incur as the result of his management the undying hatred of all classes of Italians, thus throwing the kingdom more than ever into the arms of Prussia. The prospects of the Conference are still doubtful. Nobody wants to attend it till he sees what it is going to discuss or settle. The language of the Catholic journals with reference to the slaughter of the unfortunate young men who were serving under Garibaldi has been ferocious and brutal to the last degree, and worthier of the tenth than of the nineteenth century. One has only to read it to feel in one's bones, that unless the tide of civilization can be rolled back, the Pope must come down off his now bloody throne, and that before long. The Chassepot rifles cannot save the temporal power after human nature has risen against it.

The other European question of interest, though of very inferior interest, is the Fenian question. The obsequies of the three Fenians who were hanged at Manchester have been celebrated with great pomp by the Irish in various parts of the country—the funerals being made at once a testimony of respect to the victims and a political demonstration. There can be little doubt that this kind of agitation, though it contributes no more to the liberation of Ireland from the English connection than it contributes to the detachment of Alsace from the French, does, to the disgrace of the English Liberals, a good deal towards securing for Irish grievances both a kind and amount of attention such as they have never received before. There is something almost revolting in the reflection that it should have taken such an affair as the Fenian outbreak to cause the issue of a Commission to look into the expediency of keeping up the Irish Church establishment. But we ought to say, at the same time, that there is no nation in the world, any more than the English, on whom the kind of agitators which the Irish malcontents put forward as their representatives would make much impression. No men with a particle of self-respect, to say nothing of intellectual pride, like to be won over, or even seem to be won over, by "blatherskite," and the Irish Catholics have not succeeded in furnishing much else. The fault of the English Liberals has been, therefore, not that they did not surrender to Irish speeches, but that they did not act on the hard facts which have been before their eyes night and day for fifty years, and on which they were bound to act, for the sake of the empire at least, if neither Repealer nor Fenian had ever lifted up his voice.

Notes.

LITERARY.

WE have not previously announced two books from Roberts Brothers, of Boston, which were yesterday issued as presentation books—"My Prisons," by Silvio Pellico, with an introductory notice by Mr. Epes Sargent, and Shefer's "Layman's Breviary," translated by Mr. C. T. Brooks.—D. Appleton & Co. have nearly ready a work that will command a large sale, and which ought to be more worthy of a large sale than most popular lives of military heroes—a "Military History of Ulysses S. Grant," by Colonel Badeau, a pleasing writer, who has had excellent opportunities for making a valuable book.—T. B. Peterson & Bros. announce for immediate publication "The Widow's Son," by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth.—Charles Scribner & Co. have prepared a holiday edition, freely illustrated, of Mrs. E. F. Ellet's "Queens of American Society."—Messrs. Hurd & Houghton will publish a volume of the collected letters of Mr. H. P. Arnold, who for ten years has been the special correspondent of the *Boston Post*, and has written from Italy, France, and England a great many letters. His correspondence has been very good of its kind, indeed, there has hardly been any cleverer, and we can imagine a volume of selections from it that would be agreeable reading.

—There was a somewhat remarkable auction sale of books at the store of Thomas & Sons, in Philadelphia, on the 19th and 20th of November. The private library which was sold was very rich in two or three departments; thus from No. 636 of the catalogue to No. 724 inclusive, all the lots are editions of Horace, except about a dozen of the books which are commentaries upon his works; Junius literature was also a specialty, and from No. 783 to No. 822 were books relating to that *nominis umbra*. Besides these special collections, the library was rich in Aldine books, contained some splendid Elzevirs and many curiosities which are not to be roughly classified, and offered one of the most interesting exhibitions of fine and varied bindings ever shown in an auction room in this country. So far as we observed, there were no pieces of binding of the very highest perfection or greatest rarity, but the average merit was very high. The prices obtained were not generally very high. The Junius books were all or nearly all bought up by one collector, but the others were scattered. George P. Philis & Co., of 172 Fulton Street, bought largely, both for themselves and for others, and their purchases are visible at their store. There are the Aldine Cicero, in ten volumes, dating from 1554 to 1569, all bound alike in blue morocco; the Elzevir Cicero, also in ten volumes, dated 1643; the wonderful Horace without an error, whether of editorship or of typographical execution; the first Horace printed in Paris, in almost quaint and beautiful Gothic letter, not at all like the English "black-letter," but nearly like manuscript, which it was probably intended to imitate. This was an unusually interesting sale, and the catalogue is worth preserving.

—Archbishop Purcell, and the Rev. Thomas Vickers, minister of the First Congregational Society of Cincinnati, have been conducting a long controversy through the press of that city, Mr. Vickers having the freedom of *The Gazette*. The question was of the relation of the Catholic Church to freedom of thought and speech, and the archbishop, in the common endeavor to justify a religious creed or code by the liberality of an individual communicant, gave utterance to sentiments which, as we showed a few weeks since, were quite exposed to the latest anathemas of the Pope. Mr. Vickers has, however, attacked the scholarship and even the polemical fairness of his opponent, and has shown what must be called an easy superiority in knowledge of church history and literature, making good every statement which the archbishop had impugned, and preserving his own temper against contagion. The debate has excited a lively local interest, and Mr. Vickers, who is a young man, fresh from Heidelberg, has received several threatening letters from the archbishop's flock. It is curious to see a Romish prelate descending to dispute with a heretic through the newspapers, and striving to make the Catholicism of the past forgotten or unintelligible. It is a sign, perhaps, of the transformation of the Church upon this continent, which is likely to be still more pronounced when Rome becomes the capital of Italy, and the headquarters of Papacy only by courtesy. Anticipating this change, Mr. John W. Hamersley, of this city, has translated and published privately, at his own expense, "four letters showing the relations of faith to sense," from the French of Jacques Abbadie, Dean of Killaloe (1654-1727). The book is entitled "Chemical Change in the Eucharist," and the translator professes to have done it into English for the conversion of Catholic laics and all others who believe in the "oral manducation of the Lord's body," and generally in the monstrous doctrines and cruel practices

of the Church of Rome. We should have supposed that these objects might have been better accomplished by a little less fervor in the preface, and by open sale of the book, which is most elegantly printed in antique type and style, conformably to the time of the original writing. Mr. Hamersley has also, apparently, adopted in his translation the theory of the late M. de Barante, that the style and tone of history should be those of writers contemporaneous with the events described; at any rate, we notice a few archaisms which would hardly be retained in a popular edition.

—In Mr. J. B. Waring's ponderous illustrated work on the London Exhibition of 1862 it is stated that cloth binding for books was first introduced in 1835, that William Pickering was the first bookseller to use it, and that a set of Byron was the first book for which it was used. The third statement would seem doubtful, if the others were true, for Mr. Murray has always tightly held the copyright of Byron's works, and Mr. Pickering would hardly have considered cloth binding—even as a novelty—solid enough or elegant enough to dress another publisher's books in for sale. But indeed the whole sentence seems to be inaccurate. Haydon's "Dictionary of Dates" puts the introduction of cloth binding earlier, and states that it "superseded the common boards generally, about 1831." We have a copy of Hood's "Comic Annual" for that year, which is evidently in its original cover, and that cover is smooth muslin, very like the "vellum cloth" that was so fashionable a year or two ago. There are other books we might mention bound in cloth as early as the above-named; but we find also a Pickering book of 1828, Brown's "Life of Leonardo da Vinci," which is bound in the dark cloth and with the white label that we associate with Pickering, and although this may have lain a year or two in sheets before it was made up, that does not seem most probable. The date of the first cloth-bound volume we do not find to be satisfactorily established. The Pickering books, however, with their label of white paper upon which the title and often the price were printed in black—all in imitation of the board-covered books, which were usually lettered in the same way—were undoubtedly the first important undertaking in the way of cloth binding. It is curious to see the fashion coming in again of the white paper label. For twenty years or so it has been the fashion to stamp and letter in gold right upon the surface of the cloth; and now that the stamps get to be more and more elaborate, and, we are bound to say, more and more often well designed, the old and most simple style is revived for the best and most permanently valuable books. The French, for their part, avoid it almost altogether, and very seldom bind anything in cloth more important than a Mother Goose or a primer; their books come stitched in paper covers, to be bound at the buyer's pleasure. That is certainly the best way for good books—books really worth buying. But cloth binding is the democratic fashion, and democracy must also have its leaves cut by the binder, and then the cloth-bound volume can hardly be bound again, and in three years is a shabby wreck. The compromise between popular cheapness and bookish thoroughness ought to be found in cloth binding and uncut leaves.

—Mr. Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature in University College, London, an author at once versatile and thorough, writer of charming fairy tales and of searching discussion of the history of literature, has published a second stout octavo of his "English Writers." The first volume appeared in 1864, and treated of the writers before Chaucer, bringing us into the presence of that great poet, and leaving the history of British thought at one of its most interesting periods. Now comes Vol. II., Part I., the writers from Chaucer to Dunbar. There are 462 pages of this, and it is announced that the first volume, 784 pages thick, is republished in two parts, each with an index. The completed work is planned to be in three volumes, of which the second, now partly published, will describe "the whole period of Italian influence." The work promises to grow in interest and in merit as it goes on. It has already done for early English literature what has not been done before—made it accessible to readers who cannot carry on extensive and continued researches for themselves.

—A new printing club, to be called the "Roxburghe Library," and whose publications also will be called the "Roxburghe Library," is in process of organization in England. The books, some of them, are to be these: Caxton's folio edition of the "Life of Charlemagne" is to be reprinted from the only copy known. The "Complete Works of William Browne," the author of "Britannia's Pastorals"—which have never before been collected—is the second book on the society's list. Also now for the first time collected are the "Complete Works of George Gascoigne," which will be issued in two volumes. These make No. 3. No. 4 is "Narratives in Prose and Verse of Early Murders in various parts of England during the Reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, reprinted from black-letter copies, most of which are unique." No. 5 is a "Petite Pallace of Pottie his Pleasure." No

9 is "A Collection of Unique Early Jest-Books," 1604-88. No. 12 is "Ballads—Historical, Lyrical, Pastoral," reprinted from original black-letter copies of a date not later than 1625, but chiefly anterior to 1600. Two volumes a year the society will issue, and more than that if possible, and the subscription is two guineas or five. For the smaller sum one gets the books in foolscap quarto volumes, bound in the Roxburghe style, of which one hundred and seventy copies will be printed, and for a five-guinea subscription he gets them in demy quarto. The books are in no case to be for sale, but will be issued to subscribers only. They will therefore always be worth in the market much more than one gives for them, and it will be a not unprofitable investment of money to put it into these publications—a consideration which we hope may induce some of our rich book-buyers to become subscribers.

—To the small band of scholars in this country who are both interested in the literature of oldest Persia and of the religion of Zoroaster, and capable of applying to first sources for information respecting it, a "Zend-Pahlavi Glossary," lately published in Bombay, will be of value. Its editors are a high priest of the Parsis, Hoshengji Jamaspji, and the well-known Anglo-German scholar, Dr. Martin Haug. Their introductions and comments bring us, along with much abuse of German authorities like Spiegel and Justi, much valuable matter, and some views which may be styled "important if true"—as, for instance, that the Pahlavi or Huzvareh tongue, generally regarded as post-Christian, comes from more than seven centuries before Christ, and is as good as identical with the Assyrian of that period. The grounds upon which this view is based are palpably insufficient to sustain it, and we shall doubtless have to hold our minds in abeyance for some time longer in reference to the period and character of this strange dialect. Dr. Haug's opinions are always very positively, even pugnaciously, put forward, but they are often hastily adopted, and readily abandoned. His works need much cautious sifting and thorough and intelligent criticism, but that they are full of important matter no one will question. According to him, by far the most extensive Pahlavi work in existence is the "Dinkart," a book which has hardly begun to be talked about, or even referred to, in Europe. Unfortunately, he says that only one complete copy of it is known to be in existence, and that in the hands of a Parsi priest who will not allow it to be copied; he himself possesses only fragments of it. A more generally useful work in the same general department is the "Decem Zendavesta Excerpta" of Professor Kossowicz, of St. Petersburg, a Zend reading-book, with Latin translation and notes. It was published in Paris in 1855, but is still, we believe, almost unknown here.

—It might well be the ambition of every young publisher—in his capacity of business man merely—to get hold of some one or two popular school-books, the demand for such works being both large and steady. This is true of school-books in this country even, where a story is told of a parent who, just before nine o'clock one morning, bought his boy the latest arithmetic and begged him to run to the school-house and get there before the committee made another change of text-books. In more conservative England the case is better. Though, too, it is to be remembered that the demand among us for school-books of all kinds, if it is more liable to shift from one book to a newer one, is, on the other hand, larger for while it lasts than in England. The following figures bearing on the question we copy from *The Pall Mall Gazette*: At Mr. Murray's annual trade sale which took place last month in London, of the books not designed for the use of schools, the one most largely purchased was Dean Stanley's "Memoirs of Westminster," 1,800 copies being sold. Other such books were disposed of in quantities quite small. But the school-books went off in numbers such as these: Doctor Smith's "Classical Dictionary," 8,000 copies; the same author's "Students' Histories," 7,500 copies; "Mrs. Markham's" (Mrs. Penrose's) histories, 9,300; yet "Mrs. Markham" died thirty-five years ago, and her books have not much positive merit. But they have possession of the schools, and one can see that the total sales of them must be something enormous, and the annual profits to the publishers a very pretty sum.

—To the posthumous publications of the late Victor Jacquemont (*Correspondance*, Paris, 1834; *Voyage dans l'Inde pendant les années 1828 d 1832*) have just been added, in two volumes, his *Lettres inédites*. As a traveller, Jacquemont had visited North America and Hayti, and finally India and the Himalayas, dying at Bombay in consequence of exposure in one of his excursions. Botany was the pursuit which had led him so far from France, and Alfred de Bréhat said of him: "I don't know how he was organized, but I did not find in India a blade of grass that he had not studied." But he was also a fine and rare observer of other things—men, manners, landscapes. The works already cited have seldom been equalled

in originality and interest. His letters relating to America are compared for social value to those of Arthur Young. In one, probably written in India, he refers to Dr. Channing's "Remarks on the Life and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte," suggested by Scott's "Life of Napoleon," and contributed to *The Christian Examiner* of 1827-28—and his comment is as follows:

"I shrug my shoulders when any one would pity the fate of Bonaparte at Saint Helena. He had eight servants, four courtiers, twelve thousand guineas a year, ten horses in his stable, etc., etc.!"

"When I was eight years old—that's twenty ago—our house was invaded of a Sunday by polles fortified with an order from Fouché. They snatched up books and papers, rummaged everywhere to find traces of conspiracy, and then carried off my father. For eleven months he remained shut up in a small and gloomy cell, which I shall remember all my life, as I went there, these eleven months, twice a week—that is to say, as often as they would let me. It was there that I learned to read and write. My father, in prison, had for a servant only a wretched prisoner who came to shave him and dress his hair every morning, for he was not allowed to have knives or razors. At the end of eleven months he was indeed released, but to undergo an exile that lasted as long as the empire. It is true he had not had, like his predecessor, the glory of derelicting the world."

This passage sheds a flood of light on Jacquemont's criticism on England, in which he says

"The system of English life is a mere succession of errors, all fatal to happiness. They hang themselves or get drunk from *ennui*, where we drown ourselves from passion. They are for ever talking of *home—home*, the house, the *chez-soi*—and this *home* which they love so dearly, it is easy chairs, it is the material furniture of their house; our *home*, of which we do not talk, is the heart."

OPPORTUNITY.*

MISS CRANE's first novel, "Emily Chester," went through several editions, if we are not mistaken, and found a great many readers, among whom were not a few admirers. We are at loss how to qualify her present work to the appreciation of these latter persons. If we say it is as good as "Emily Chester," they will be very much disappointed on coming to read it; and if we say it is as bad, they will, of course, be scandalized before reading a word of it. In truth, we remember thinking "Emily Chester" neither very good nor very bad, but simply mortally dull, and any temperate epithet which may be judiciously affixed to the latter work we are ready to extend to the volume before us. It is of quite the same calibre as its predecessor. We are inclined even to place it a degree higher, for the excellent reason that it is not more than half as long. And yet, as we say, it is by no means certain that those persons who were strongly moved by "Emily Chester" will not be left unmoved by "Opportunity." It would hardly be logical to explain their probable insensibility by the circumstance just mentioned—the greater brevity of the volume before us—for even if it were prolonged *ad infinitum* in the same key, we should defy it to quicken even the most officious enthusiasm. The real explanation is that the book is feeble, the vital spark is absent, and that it was a great mistake to have got excited over "Emily Chester." There were several valid reasons why the odd impression should have obtained ground that "Emily Chester" was interesting. To begin with, there was an enticing look about the leading idea of the tale. It suggested something aside from the beaten track of Anglo-Saxon fiction, and promised to deal with really great passions. It brought up the famous "marriage question," and offered us a hero in love with another man's wife. That the situation was actually trimmed of its improprieties made very little difference after a reader had travelled through the book in search of these improprieties, disillusioned only at the last page. Success was achieved; the book had been read. And then, in the second place, there was a general feeling that it was high time we should be having an American novel which sensible people could read ten pages of and mention without meeting a vacant stare for all response. Miss Crane's book answered these high conditions, and found itself perforce a success. In this way there was something decidedly factitious in the quality of the reception it obtained. The author was, doubtless, much that was estimable, but she was, above all things, fortunate, and it was, therefore, a somewhat hazardous resolve to tempt fortune a second time.

It is indeed by an author's second work that we can best measure his worth. It takes of course a clever book or a happy book to give him a right to address the public a second time; but it takes a really good book to prove that he had a right originally to address it, to make us believe that he had actually something to say and that his talent is a gift and not a loan. An author's first book—or the first book, at least, by which he be-

* "Opportunity A Novel By Anne Moncre Crane." Boston Ticknor & Fields. 1867.

comes famous, may easily owe its popularity to some accidental circumstance, extrinsic or intrinsic—to a coincidence with the public humor or taste at the moment, or to a certain *faux air* of originality and novelty which takes people by surprise. But at the second attempt they are prepared, they are on their guard, they are critical, and the writer may be sure that this time his work must float or sink on its essential merits. This is the case with Miss Crane. The reader asks himself, with a due sense of the gravity of the question, whether or no "Opportunity" is a sound, strong, artistic piece of writing.

The plot of the story—if plot there is—may be rapidly sketched. We are introduced to a Maryland country home of twenty-five years ago, tenanted by a worthy elderly couple, with their two sons and their little orphan ward. The elderly couple are presented to us at such length and breadth, with so many little homely details, and with such an air of domestic comfort and stability, that we had begun to feel quite kindly towards them, and to assure ourselves that, whatever company we might fall into as we journeyed through the book, we should yet manage to hold our ground against them for the sake of these good people. But, oddly enough, they are created only to be destroyed. They are suppressed by the author's inscrutable *flat*, and the tale begins anew—for we can hardly say it continues. Meanwhile the three orphans have now grown to maturity. We say "meanwhile," referring the adverb rather to a certain number of printed pages than to a succession of events sufficiently definite to our perception for us to indicate them more analytically. At all events, the two brothers reach manhood, in striking contrast—a contrast which makes the chief point in the tale. Grahame Ferguson, the elder, is a capital specimen of what is called, in the language of the day, a "swell"—wonderfully, wofully handsome, elegant, fastidious, languidly selfish, lazy, cynical, idle, a charmer of women. His brother Douglas, on the contrary, is a good, solid, serious, conscientious, high-toned, lusty, ugly fellow, who falls resolutely to work while the other dangles about in ball-rooms. As for the little ward, Rosy Carrel, she is discreetly sequestered in a boarding-school—to our no small relief, we confess; for we had begun to feel quite nervous about her relations with this honest Douglas. She concedes the field to a person more competent to occupy it—a certain Harvey Berney. We hasten to add, lest the reader should accuse the latter individual of an undue want of gallantry in thus putting a lady to flight, that Harvey Berney is simply the heroine of the book. We hardly know what to say of her—there is, indeed, nothing to say but that in drawing her lineaments the author's intentions were excellent, but that some importunate prejudice, some fatal reminiscence, some impertinent, irrational fantasy, has jostled her hand and destroyed the grace of the figure. Harvey, after all, is better than half our modern heroines, and we should feel much ashamed of ourselves if we attempted to provoke a smile at her expense. But, as we say, she is good almost solely in intention; the author is not artist enough to have realized her vision and to have fixed it in firm, symmetrical lines. Yet even to have fancied her is a step in the right direction—the direction furthest removed from that murky region where the poor bedraggled flirts and fast women, or the insipid graduates of the school-room, to whose society modern English novels confine us, go through their lifeless gambols. Harvey is meant to have a mind of her own, to be a fit companion for a man of sense, to be a strong and free young girl. She thinks and lives and acts, she has her face to the sun. Many thanks to the author for what she would fain have done; she has at least enlisted the imagination on the side of freedom and real grace.

This generous and penetrating young girl falls in with the irresistible Grahame Ferguson, and like the rest of her sex she succumbs. But she succumbs in her own fashion, with protests and pangs of conscience. She gives him a decidedly shrewish blowing-up, shows him that he is a good-for-nothing fellow, a trifier, a dangler, and that he ought to know better. This is not well managed. It is quite conceivable that a young woman like Harvey should react against her tender impressions, that she should be at once fascinated and annoyed by a charming man of the world, and that she should betray herself by passionate appeals to the better nature of the gentleman. But as the matter is here contrived, it has a puerile turn which interferes sadly with the reader's satisfaction. Harvey is too young to talk as she does, and Grahame too old to listen as he does. The young girl is simply pert and pedantic, and the young man is stupid and awkward. But the reader is struck with the general cast of their relations and feels it to be interesting;—Harvey, at once charmed, thrilled, and disgusted, in love with all Grahame's delightful qualities, but not enough in love to forgive his foibles and to feel that to love him with passion is not to derogate from self-respect; and Grahame, held in bondage by the young girl's brightness and nobleness, and yet profoundly conscious that to love her is to turn his back upon a hundred pleasant places.

The great trouble with it all, moreover, is that nothing comes of it. The situation once indicated stands still in the tamest way conceivable, and moves neither to the right nor the left. A second young woman is introduced, who, of course, complicates matters, but without leading them to an ultimate clearing up. Douglas Ferguson, moreover, steps in and falls in love with Harvey. Harvey loves him in return, and we protest we do not see what obstacle there is to their union, for, beside his brother, we are assured that, to Harvey's perception, Grahame dwindles into abject nullity. Here, alas! is the objection to these high-toned, free-thinking heroines, in whose favor, for Harvey's sake, we just now entered our voice. At the crucial moment they are certain to do something utterly pedantic and unnatural and insupportable. Rose Carrel is finally brought out from her retreat, and Harvey detects in the expression of her face that she, too, is smitten with Douglas. Whereupon she averts her own impassioned gaze, although she knows very well that Douglas does not care two straws for the young lady. So the poor young man is constrained to marry Rose, and Harvey not to marry at all—Grahame, meanwhile, having made a great match. Here the book ends, or ought to end. But the author has affixed a very trivial and silly conclusion, in which Harvey is represented as enjoying the hospitality of Grahame and Douglas, with their respective wives and families, and deriving great satisfaction from the discovery that Mrs. Douglas has called her little girl after herself (Harvey). This is, indeed, an anti-climax. What the deuce, cries the reader, shall Harvey care for this lady's sentimental vagaries? Her business was with Douglas, and she made very poor work of it.

The reader will see that this is the substance of a work not remarkable for strength. But perhaps, after all, he will find more in it than we have done. He will have looked then far less, and for less, than we can readily bring ourselves to look for in a novel which we pretend to read at all. We can't get along without a certain vigor, a certain fire, a certain heat and passion. We do not exact that it should be intense, but only that from centre to circumference it shall fill the book with an atmosphere, and not—if the turn of our sentence is not too illogical—with a vacuum. This is not too hard a word. Miss Crane's figures strike us as perfectly vague and thin, and we find that in order to give any account of her book at all we have been obliged to press our own little stock of imagination into the service and to force it to do extra work.

TIMOTHY PICKERING.*

AFTER the delay of more than a generation, the first volume of "The Life of Timothy Pickering" has been published, bringing his history down a little later than the close of the Revolution. This leaves the most interesting portion of his career for subsequent volumes; that portion, too, which is most important for students of history. For, however essential the labors of the quartermaster-general may be at the time, their importance is purely mediate and temporary; nor does this officer have much opportunity of connecting his name with those incidents of military history which are of most interest to the general reader. "Who ever heard," asked Greene, Pickering's predecessor, "of a quartermaster-general in history?" If Colonel Pickering had been a good letter-writer, in the literary sense of the term, his correspondence might still have furnished those descriptions and lively portraiture of the times which are among the most genuine materials for history. But he was too much of a Puritan, too dead in earnest, too engrossed in affairs for trifling, and his private letters are chiefly interesting from the pleasant impression they give of his family relations. Serious subjects are discussed in them with his characteristic ability and vehemence; but with these subjects he was seldom brought directly in contact during this period, except in regard to the petty disputes and annoyances of his office. We think, therefore, that it was a mistake to give so copious extracts from his correspondence as is done. Much of it is hardly more than memoranda of the details of marches, much is repetition, much quite unimportant in itself. If a large proportion of this had been omitted, its place could have been well filled by the correspondence of his later years, which his connection with the administrations of Washington and Adams and the ardor with which he entered into all the controversies of the day must make of the very first value and interest on questions of political history. It would have been very well, too, to fill the gaps in his correspondence with more detailed accounts of the circumstances under which the letters were written, and the persons and events alluded to in them.

* "The Life of Timothy Pickering." By his son, Octavius Pickering. Vol. I. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1867. 8vo, pp. 549.

Nevertheless, the book is, as a whole, quite readable, and conveys a very distinct impression of the man—his intensity and inflexibility of nature, his integrity, religious earnestness, administrative energy, and busy activity of mind. His was not one of the creative minds of the period; it was administrative rather than organizing; its strength lay in the clearness with which he discerned immediate needs, the fertility of resources with which he met them, and the obstinate persistency with which he carried out his measures. He seemed born for controversy, and came in frequent collision with others; but, in these earlier controversies at least, with remarkably little acrimony. The same ardor which placed him at the head of the first armed resistance to the British forces—at Salem North Bridge, Feb. 26, 1775—made him afterwards the master-spirit of the "Essex Junto," and the firm ally of Josiah Quincy in his opposition to the policy which brought on the war of 1812.

If the nature of Mr. Pickering's office during the Revolutionary war would forbid us to expect much of general military interest in his correspondence, we might, on the other hand, reasonably look for more than we find touching the financial and political questions of the time. There are, to be sure, some very important documents on these topics, such as his recommendation to Congress, in 1780, to allow the issue of specie certificates, and his remonstrance, the year following, to the same body against its plan of paying the public creditors in an inferior currency. These are valuable items; but besides these we find very little on the financial question except accounts of the embarrassments he was under from the disordered state of the currency. Among the most whimsical of these is the circumstance (p. 306) that during the siege of Yorktown he, the quartermaster-general of the army, was refused his letters at the Post-Office (on public business, too) because he had no money to pay the postage. The disgust he felt at being obliged, with his own hands, to clip or punch some gold coins which were over weight is very natural but rather entertaining. "T is a shameful business, and an unreasonable hardship on a public officer. . . . A pair of good shears, a couple of punches, and a leaden anvil of two or three pounds weight. Will you enquire how the goldsmiths put in their plugs?" he writes (p. 388).

It would appear that Colonel Pickering, while a faithful and efficient co-worker with Washington, had somewhat of a leaning towards the faction opposed to him. Perhaps his ardent disposition was impatient at the cautious policy of the commander-in-chief—at any rate, his biographer finds it hard to account for "a hardness towards Washington which occasionally betrays itself in his letters." From this same intensity of nature and abhorrence of everything which was not earnest and genuine arose, no doubt, the frequent lamentations over the degeneracy of the times and the lack of public and private virtue with which his letters abound. It may perhaps be some consolation to us in this day to have this additional evidence—if we needed it—that our fathers appear to have been as bad as ourselves; that the enormous expenditures of even the most just war will call out crowds of cheats and plunderers; that in such times contractors and speculators will make their fortunes, while unselfish patriots may lose everything; and that a disordered currency will inevitably aggravate these evils to an incalculable extent.

There are many incidents and expressions also in relation to the second great evil of the day, the loose structure of the Confederation—a deeper evil, perhaps, if less pressing in its nature, than the condition of the finances. In the purchase of supplies he had been authorized by Congress to give certificates of their value in specie, which it was understood were ultimately to be redeemed in coin. The refusal of the States, however, to meet the requisitions of the Federal Government created a doubt whether these would not be repudiated, and early in 1783 Colonel Pickering was arrested (p. 397) as being personally responsible for certificates signed by himself—the State of New York having neglected to exempt public officers from liability to such suits. The State, to be sure, lost no time, when this occurred, in passing such laws as were necessary for his protection; but we cannot doubt that experiences of this nature under the Confederation had their effect in identifying him with the extreme wing of the Federal party.

The most interesting chapters of the volume are those which treat of the "Newburgh Addresses." These anonymous papers, it is well known, were circulated among the army early in 1783, appealing to its members not to suffer themselves to be defrauded of their pay by Congress. Their chief importance is in the connection they may have had with the monarchical schemes of the day, and it is certain that Washington regarded them as so dangerous as to desire that the meeting of the officers called to consider the situation should brand them as "infamous" and "totally subversive of all discipline and good order." Colonel Pickering, on the other

hand, having himself suffered peculiarly from what seemed to be the remissness and dishonesty of the Government, was inclined to put a more favorable construction upon the pieces, and speaks with indignation of the conduct of the officers who "in a moment damned with infamy the publications which, during the four preceding days, most of them had read with admiration and talked of with rapture" (p. 440).

The correspondence on this subject between Colonel Pickering, General Armstrong (author of the addresses), Governor Brooks, General Cobb, and others, well illustrates, as the editor remarks, "the fallibility of memory as to events of distant date, however important, even in persons who were deeply interested in them at the time of their occurrence." It was commenced by General Armstrong in 1820; the fortunate discovery of a letter of Colonel Pickering to Mr. Hodgdon, written March 16, 1783, the day after the meeting of the officers, proves that all these gentlemen, and, most of all, Colonel Pickering himself, were mistaken in their memory of the events at this important meeting. Washington did read a letter on this occasion from a member of Congress from Virginia, as Armstrong asserted and Pickering and others positively denied; and Pickering himself did vote alone against one of the resolutions offered, while in 1833 he felt sure that there was no "opposition from any quarter." Armstrong's mistake was in representing Pickering's opposition as general instead of on matters of detail; and especially in his statement that the letter from Mr. Jones, of Virginia (which he ascribes to Mr. Hardy or Harvie), was written to warn Washington of a monarchical conspiracy, "and pointed distinctly at Robert and Gouverneur Morris and Alexander Hamilton." This, as is evident from Pickering's letter to Mr. Hodgdon—and indeed from Mr. Jones's letter itself, which is printed in Sparks's collection—is not correct in fact. How, then, could it have come into General Armstrong's mind, forty years later, to associate the names of these distinguished men with this letter and alleged plot? The only explanation consistent with his honesty is, that these names and these events had become so closely associated in his mind that he was unable at that distance of time to separate them. Armstrong was a leading member of the Republican party, and, no doubt, felt a sincere apprehension that liberty and republicanism were in danger from men who were avowedly in favor of a stronger form of government. It seems certain that the addresses owed their origin in part to the visit of Colonel Stewart to the camp, and that this was made in the interest of the Treasury Department, then under the control of the two Morrisses, to induce the army to speak "a more decisive language than had hitherto been held." Washington himself, indeed, in his speech intimated a suspicion of some secret influences emanating from New York; and it may well have been that Armstrong, acting as the mouthpiece of a clique, and knowing, as a matter of secret history, that it was partly by the influence of the Morrisses that the papers were written "as auxiliaries to the fiscal measures of that day" (p. 408), having, moreover, come to entertain a profound distrust of the political designs of Hamilton and Morris, really convinced himself at last that Mr. Jones's letter contained the specific charges which he believed it might very properly have contained.

We are promised the succeeding volumes, with selections from Mr. Pickering's writings, "as fast as circumstances may permit." They will be welcomed as a valuable contribution to the political history of the country.

SOME OF THE SMALLER POETS.*

"To prevent the foul fiend and to kill vermin," as Edgar says, is no doubt a very considerable part of the duty of the critic; to pay homage to greatness and goodness, to demand for them the tribute of admiration, to disseminate the knowledge and the love of truth and beauty, is another considerable part, and the part which reconciles him to his profession. But when it is necessary for him to deal with writers better than bad, yet not better than nothing, he is in difficulties; and often it is necessary to deal with such. For the critic, as we know him, is human, and, living like other men in close relations with his fellow-creatures, he is constrained to look at books not solely from an intellectual and moral point of view, but as they form a part of the world of business. When he can he writes of his author as an author merely—mind and soul addressing minds and souls; but also he must write of authors as owners of stereotype plates; and he must write for men not as pure intelligences, but as beings who, when they

* "One Wife too Many; or, Rip Van Bigham. A Tale of Tappan Zee. By Edward Hopper." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1867. 12mo, pp. 392.
 "Poems. By Charles Warren Stoddard." San Francisco: A. Roman & Co. 1867. 8vo, pp. 123.
 "The Sexton's Tale, and other Poems. By Theodore Tilton." New York: Sheldon & Co. 1867. 12mo, pp. 173.
 "Poems of Faith, Hope, and Love. By Phoebe Cary." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1867. Pp. 249.

buy books, are apt to take advice, and, taking it, part with an appreciable portion of their yearly incomes. This consideration—and there are plenty of others like it, all of similarly practical nature—forces the advising critic to dispraise many a book and many a writer that otherwise he would pass in silence. It is considerations of this kind which furnish us with our only reason for speaking of several works named in our foot-note.

"One Wife too Many; or, Rip Van Bigham" no man would do well to buy. It is like this:

"The Summer leaves her brightest charm
For the face of sweet October;
And so his smiles are always warm,
Although his brow is sober.
And then, to heal the Summer ills,
Jack Frost comes with his vetoes
Against the vile, obnoxious bills
Of vermin and mosquitoes."

Mr. Stoddard's poems, all of them, we have read, and most of them we have read without getting from them an idea—which would seem to be unfortunate for us or for the poems. A good deal of an ordinary man's life must be behind his poetry, and Mr. Stoddard is young yet. Sometimes, however, his verses have some thought in them, and almost always they are, as verses, smooth and pretty. We marked for commendation several lines embodying pleasing and truthful pictures, and some which were for other reasons not bad. In a sonnet entitled "The First Rain" he says:

"From the brooding sky
There fall deliberate, still showers of shy,
Big rain-drops all around."

What the first rain may be in California we do not know, but those words describe with a good deal of felicity the first rain-drops of any shower, and the sonnet altogether is a more than tolerable one. But Alexander Smith never did better than this:

"Night, as the shadow of that Ethiop queen,
With brow as dark as Night, as richly jewelled
In barbarous ravishment of luxury;
The enchantress of the Cydnus, in her toils
Seeking new pleasures, slaying joys with sighs
And drowning mirth with her full tide of tears.
Night is the shadow of that Ethiop queen,
In rapturous witchery of beatitude;—"

which seems to be not crammed with meaning. Much of the volume is of the same sort, and would have to be classed with the so-called Spasmodic School of poetry, if it were not that there are no spasms but only a spasmodical use of language—imitation spasms.

There are minds which rise and soar, and which do so because the beings to whom they belong are somehow winged, and such let us admire; but then, too, we have beings who are perpetually going up because anything that moves them takes them off their feet. Of this class Mr. Tilton is a specimen. Run over his poems, and you see that it is his habit to read fine things, to get into a glow over them, and then to make a copy of verses which more or less well reproduces in the mind of the reader the thought which has thrilled the mind of the verse-maker; very likely he will, on most such occasions, make fair enough verses; in the book before us there are hardly more than two pieces that are really too bad—the last two pieces we should say are such, but the others are all tolerable, and some a good deal more than that. Mr. Motley writes something about the famous bell of Ghent, the one of which Mr. Longfellow has sung, and Mr. Tilton, reading Mr. Motley's words, is impelled to the production of "Toll, Roland, Toll!" "The Parson's Courtship," "The Soldier's Revenge," "Maltby Chapel"—the best piece of the book—"Pierre Cardinal's Faith," "The Strange Preacher of Padua," "The Harp of Andrew Marvell,"—all these and others are examples of the effect of the irritating influence of which we have spoken. The poet adds nothing, he detracts something; the incident or verse which moved him is, very likely, in itself poetic, but it stirs him, and not having learned that, though publishing may be legal tenders, silence, for most of us, is golden, he says over again the thing that moved him. As a motto for Mr. Tilton's poetical works, when they shall be collected, we would suggest these words of his own:

"While yet he spake" (or she spake, or ye spake, or they spake) "a rapture stole
Through all my body."

It seems to us that they express with sufficient definiteness Mr. Tilton's poetic method and indicate his value. Of this, at any rate, we are sure, more thought, more hard work will have to go into his works before they will be so good as he ought to make them, or nearly so good as to make them in any high sense valuable.

Miss Phoebe Cary ought hardly to be put into the company in which we have put her. Many of her poems wear an air of having been done for magazines and newspapers for which she was under an engagement to

turn out a certain number of stanzas, but even these are better than most of the verses which newspapers and magazines publish. Generally, it may be said of her poetry that it is natural in sentiment, that the expression of the sentiment is always straightforward and often elegant, that not seldom the turn of thought is new, that if it shows little fancy and less imagination yet it has frequent pleasing images, some fresh, some not new, some familiar, and some at once so familiar and striking that the reader wonders Miss Cary should have borrowed them. As, for instance, Cowley's cottage, which thus appears:

"The evil blasts drive in
Through chinks which time and sin
Have battered in my wretched house of clay."

Several such we noted, but the fault is too common to be worth much reprehension in particular instances. The general impression which this author makes on the mind of the reader is that she is a sweet-natured, good woman of much delicacy of feeling, which she is able to express in verses often very pretty and always fairly good. We quote as a fair sample of her work this short poem, which ought to be shorter by four verses—the four which constitute the second quatrain:

"Do we not say, forgive us, Lord,
Oft when too well we understand
Our sorrow is not such as Thou
Requiest at the sinner's hand?"

"Have we not sought Thy face in tears,
When our desire hath rather been
Deliverance from the punishment,
Than full deliverance from the sin?"

"Alas! we mourn because we fain
Would keep the things we should resign;
And pray, because we cannot pray,—
'Not my rebellious will, but Thine!'"

We may say that we have read Miss Phoebe Cary's little volume not, to be sure, as a book that must be read, but at any rate as a book that one may read without compunctions of conscience for wasted time, and much of which one may read with decided pleasure. So far as we now remember them, we should say that she has among contemporary American poetesses not more than two superiors—Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Akers.

THE MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER.

It is not without some uneasiness of mind that one sees upon what course Messrs. Ticknor & Fields and Mr. Parton have lately entered. If they keep on, Alps piled upon Alps are before them, and before us also who read *The Atlantic*, and yet there seems no good reason why they should stop for an indefinitely long time to come. American manufacturing and other industry is of all but illimitable extent, and who can tell us—if *The Atlantic* puts the Gorham Company, which makes silver-plated ware, under obligations that only some thousands of dollars could adequately repay—why it should not do the same thing for thousands of other companies? It is a question which we confess ourselves unable to answer. A good deal of public interest was felt in the first performance of the sort we speak of—the history of the sewing machines and their inventors; and almost as much interest was felt as regards the rival piano-fortes; there is hardly a young woman in all the thirty-six States who might not be labelled with the common sign-board announcement, "Pianos Moved," and after the young women are married a large majority of them, by particular request or of their own will, profitably substitute the sewing machine for the Steinway or Chickering. So there did seem to be a demand for articles concerning these pieces of furniture. But the electrotyping business, as carried on at Providence, is not a thing about which anybody but the Gorham Manufacturing Company can be supposed to care a vast deal. On any complimentary theory that we can frame—any theory complimentary to the conductors of the magazine—we do not know why Messrs. Ticknor & Fields may not be expected, by-and-by, to send Mr. Parton, at Messrs. P. & G. Lorillard's request, into the chewing-tobacco factories. There is a peculiarly national flavor about chewing-tobacco, and a grandeur about the bigness of the business, that would secure for it some of Mr. Parton's best eloquence. Then the man who—"S. T. 1860.-X."—Started Trade in 1860 with Ten dollars, and who now, by energy, by knowing what the public wants, by advertising at a lavish expense in every periodical, high and low, throughout the country, has amassed a great fortune—why may not he properly claim attention? And if the Plantation Bitters are made the theme of an *Atlantic* paper, why not also Russ's San Domingo Bitters? Then there is the purely American business of making paper collars; and Mr. Morton's manufacture of gold pens; and the manufacture of the Duplex Elliptic and other sorts of hoop-skirts; and the making of pegged work; and the discovery by Mr. Kennedy, of Roxbury, of a common American pasture-weed which cures every

ill that skin is heir to; and now that the Merchants' Union Express Company is making so much headway, no doubt the Adams Express Company would gladly furnish Mr. Parton with all necessary data for a description of its rise and labors, such as the description *The Atlantic* has just published in behalf of the Providence silver-ware men. So also of the Pacific Railroad companies, whose bonds, we see, are just now very extensively advertised in the newspapers and magazines, and concerning which, by the way, Mr. Medbury has a tolerably well-written paper in this month's *Atlantic*. So also of Hecker's farina, of Phelan's billiard tables, of the Waltham watches, of the St. Johnsbury platform scales, of Colt's and Remington's and Smith & Wesson's fire-arms—and, by-the-by, when he does the article last spoken of we ourselves will cheerfully give Mr. Parton one of the cases of which he speaks in the plated-ware article. We know a hamlet in Massachusetts where, in a seven-by-nine shop, a man makes rifles that are sought for by hunters in distant Kentucky. The transition from him and his mechanical genius to the great works at Ilion, N. Y., will be even easier than from the Michigan raspberry jam to the electrotypers. The transition in this latter case was exceedingly well done, however.

Mr. Medbury's article on "Our Pacific Railroads" presupposes in the reader more geographical knowledge than we happen to have, and we therefore get rather a confused notion of the three branches of road and three sections of country of which the writer speaks. But we suppose whoever reads the article with a map open before him, will have no difficulties.

Mr. Bayard Taylor finds nothing very exciting in the byways of Europe. His "Visit to the Balearic Islands" is the newest and best piece of his that we have looked at for a long time. "Grandmother's Story," by Miss Anna L. Johnson, is an exceptionally good little story of its kind, and may be read with pleasure. Miss Johnson ought, however, to trust a little more to her readers. "A Young Desperado," by Mr. Aldrich, is very good in places, and in places is old enough to be weakly. "Toujours Amour" is by Mr. Stedman, and is pretty on the outside. Let us say to Mr. Stedman that it is saying nothing of Love—whether Love always or Love at any time—to say that children under three years of age are likable, and that old people of seventy like something. Mr. Boker writes a sonnet to the effect that the Arcadian or Elizabethan-Arcadian pastoral existence would be far better for all Americans than that the Americans of the East and the Americans of the West should quarrel about protection and other business matters—"Hell's minion, Trade," speaking poetically. But from the higher parts of Parnassus one gets a better view of Trade. She is n't Hell's minion after all, as Mr. Boker will see when he ascends. "Literature as an Art" is by Mr. T. W. Higginson, and supplements his recent "Plea for Culture." Mr. Higginson never writes anything which is not clever, and hardly ever anything that is not pleasant reading. The essay of which we speak may be safely commended, as regards style and thought, to nine in ten of our American writers. Had we space we should put on record exceptions to a number of his incidental judgments on men and things; but the article, as a whole, we accept gladly as true, well put, and needed.

Mr. E. P. Whipple writes about "The Minor Elizabethan Dramatists." In Nassau Street in this city one may pick up a not very dear copy of the works of John Marston, and we hope some, at least, of the persons who read what Mr. Whipple has to say about that writer, and who have yet to read Marston, will proceed to make his acquaintance. To read Marston carefully and with humility, would be for half a dozen men whom we could name an excellent course to take, and to follow with persistence. In fact we feel like advising any reader who is yet ignorant of Marston to make his acquaintance at any rate, regardless of a simultaneous reading of him and any critic. John Neal gives an interesting account of a "Mysterious Personage" who turned out a great swindler, but seems, when Mr. Neal leaves him, not to have lost all his mystery. "What we Feel" is by C. J. Sprague, and *The Atlantic* is a strange place in which to find it. "An Autumn Song" is anonymous, and is not provocative of ardent curiosity as to the writer's name. The "Reviews and Literary Notes" are of Doctor Parsons's translation of the "Divine Comedy," of Samuel's "Ornithology and Oölogy of New England," of "Richmond During the War," and of Holland's "Kathrina," all the notices being very good to read. The reviewer of Dr. Holland talks to that author in a spirit of extreme patience, as if peradventure, somehow, there might yet be a possibility of teaching him new tricks.

Harper's for December is very agreeable. We say nothing of the stories, and it is as well to say not much about the opening article, composed of small pictures and small poems, and entitled "A Pilgrimage in Sunny Lands." But "A Day's Fighting in Queretaro" is the best article on the late Mexican war that we have seen. The writer was an Imperialist and

seems to have a high opinion of Maximilian, and relates many little things corroborative of the kind views which everybody is disposed to take of that unhappy man's character. He confirms the story that the murder of prisoners of war was begun by the French, but declares that it was the Frenchmen in the Republican forces who began the practice. "Parisian Sketches" deals gently with the *Jardin Mabille*, and quotes from Mrs. Stowe a rather amusing remark on that place of amusement. "Mocquard" is some reminiscences by an American friend of the famous private secretary. "The Nurseries on Randall's Island," illustrated, introduces us to a little-known "city institution." "Some Scottish Stories" is a collection of anecdotes about some noted Scotchmen of a generation or two since, but, as we suppose, is borrowed; so also is "The Impresario," which is made up of anecdotes of noted singers. "Trouville" describes very well a watering-place of Normandy; and there are two solidier articles, "Darwin and Domestication" and "Fish-Farming in Western New York." Mr. Curtis converses excellently on Dickens, his books and readings; Mrs. Lincoln, whom he touches gently; takes the children to see the dreadful gorilla of Mr. Barnum's Museum, and congratulates Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Norton on their poetic and scholarly translation of the "Divine Comedy" and the "Vita Nuova."

In this month's *Galaxy* the sensational article is by Walt Whitman, a reply to Mr. Carlyle's "Shooting Niagara." We are sorry to say that we get very little from it. If there is in it much of value not well expressed in these words of Pym's, "The best form of government is that which doth actuate and dispose every part and member of a state to the common good," then we have misconstrued it and dug for its meaning in vain. It is hardly too much to say that it is without form and void, and we do not know why the Sage of Chelsea, both as an artist and a controversialist, should not be highly delighted with it. It is fair to say, too, that Mr. Whitman does assert the average man in the manner and with some of the matter with which readers of his poems are familiar. Other articles are, "The Drunken Drama," by Olive Logan, which is written with a deal of dash and contains a good anecdote of the elder Booth; a pretty well imagined tale about the spiritualist mediums, by Richard Frothingham; a paper on "The Small Planters of the South," by James O. Noyes, who appears to understand his subject; "Words and their Uses," the best we have seen of Mr. R. G. White's series of articles bearing that title; and more chapters of the two serial novels, "Waiting for the Verdict" and "Stephen Lawrence."

Hours at Home promises for next year some original papers by "The Lambeth Casual," Mr. James Greenwood, and the publishers have made arrangements for getting advance sheets of Mrs. Yonge's "Chaplet of Pearls," a work of which the first instalment appears in this number. Doctor Bushnell also is retained as a regular contributor. This month he treats of "The Moral Uses of Insanity." Mr. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" is reviewed at some length; Professor Wragge translates a readable account of the invention and the inventor of the needle-gun; the Rev. Mr. Bacon tells us more about Japan; and Professor Schele De Vere describes a visit which he paid to Miss Bremer and one which she paid to him. The number is pretty readable.

In *The Catholic World* we find nothing very fresh. One of the writers answers the question, "What shall we do with the Indians?" by proposing that the Indian agents should be brought home, and then the tribes put on reservations and turned over to unpaid missionaries. The Government being unsectarian, he would not insist that Protestant ministers should be excluded from the work, though he confesses that he would hope little from their endeavors. Nor we. "Bellini's Romance," translated from the German, tells a rather apocryphal tale of how Bellini died for love of Malibran. Dr. Dix's recent article in *The Galaxy*, in which he talked about ritualism with an appearance of being innocent of all knowledge of real ritualism, is reviewed by a writer who is happy in the belief that the new movement is a movement towards Rome. Perhaps "The Third Catholic Congress at Malines," written by a person who was present at that meeting, is as well worth Protestant perusal as any part of this month's *Catholic World*, which is a little lighter than usual and more readable by ordinary readers of magazines.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS—RUSKIN.*

THIS is the third volume that has been published of selections from Mr. Ruskin's books. The other two have been not so simply named, but are called "Beauties" and "Precious Thoughts." The Selections have been made in England, and the book first published by Smith, Elder & Co., always Mr.

* "Selections from the Writings of John Ruskin." New York: John Wiley & Son. 1863.

Ruskin's publishers. To the making up and issue of this book of *excerpts* the author, it seems, has "tacitly consented"; but "has taken no part in making the selections, and is in no way responsible for the appearance of the volume."

It is not surprising that Mr. Ruskin should have left the making of these books to others. No author could wholly approve the publication of brief extracts from his writings, separated from the context; digressions cut off from the main stem, descriptions standing alone like scraps written in an album, allusions and illustrations with no trace of the argument they were meant to strengthen and adorn. It is a little remarkable that the publication of these collected selections should have been allowed at all. No writer could be more unwilling than Mr. Ruskin, we think, is to be supposed a stringer-together of striking, detached thoughts. His thoughts are only half themselves without the consecutive order of other thoughts that lead up to them and of those to which they lead. Moreover, a positively stated opinion standing alone will offend and repel those who would respect the completed argument. In practice, it is found that even those persons who have read through one or two books of Ruskin's have still, unless they have read very carefully, erroneous ideas of what he thinks upon some most important points. His writings upon art are not much like other men's who deal with that subject; he has had to create his own audience and educate his own co-laborers. But it is not brilliant descriptions or seeming paradoxes in reasoning that have given him a useful and active following; not these, but sustained reasoning upon closely observed facts. His principal characteristic as a thinker is imagination. As a great chemist has said that the first necessity of a scientific student was imagination—the imagination that could suggest a thousand possible explanations of a phenomenon, and then seize fast the most probable and promising one—so Ruskin has shown better than it had been shown before that imaginative insight into nature and art was the only sufficient basis for meditation upon those great and wide subjects. His reasoning out of a question is always worthy to be closely followed; his conclusions upon any artistic point should be remembered and always borne in mind by every enquirer. It amounts to this, that without a knowledge of Mr. Ruskin's writings one is wholly unable to reason upon art at all, so completely has he newly built the whole structure of artistic criticism. But it is not every telling sentence of his that is true; the powerfully imaginative mind that sees all truths will see many of them awry, one side at a time; the added-up totals are exactly right, but there was too much the first time taken alone, and too little afterwards.

There are chapters almost wholly independent essays, which might be taken bodily out of the larger works and be very good alone. Such an one is, notably, the magnificent chapter on "Vulgarity," in the fifth volume of "Modern Painters." But this is only like taking one lecture out of a volume of lectures, as may, of course, be done in the case of Mr. Ruskin's "Two Paths," the "Lectures on Architecture and Painting," and the like. And of shorter extracts a collection might be made which would be very valuable to students who should be already familiar with Mr. Ruskin's books. Thus we have always found the indices to "Modern Painters" and the "Stones of Venice" very imperfect, and there are no indices to the other works, while what we very much desire is a general index to all the books—some twenty-five volumes—by means of which the scattered opinions and comments upon any subject might be gathered together and compared. Any selection of extracts having some such end in view might be of use to a student of art and a reader of Ruskin. Probably to any one else a single complete lecture, or pamphlet catalogue raisonné, or the discussion of any one subject, as of leaf-form and growth in "Modern Painters," Part VI., would be more useful and would more truly represent Mr. Ruskin than any possible book of extracts.

Such a book of extracts as this is, however, has not even the possible uses that we have supposed possible to an ideal book of extracts. It is, of course, a pleasure to be reminded of a favorite passage, and to find, as one opens no matter what book, clear and forcible statement of truth, poetical description, vigorous denunciation, genial and enthusiastic praise. The expression of human reverence and sympathy is delightful upon any page and in the briefest paragraph. But what is gained by the separate existence of a book of scraps from Ruskin? The volume is as bulky as most of the volumes of Mr. Wiley's reprint of Ruskin's works; and if one has a volume of "Modern Painters" with him, and opens it at a favorite passage, the argument leads him on and on, delightfully over-persuaded into unintended reading; he has enjoyment and connected and completed thought to remember. But there is no more disagreeable pull-up than the check at the end of a disconnected paragraph of an interesting chapter or lecture.

How, then, are we to account for the appearance of these books? Is there really a class of persons who like to read extracts?—and not extracts

only, but those which bear upon the most solid and weighty matters of thought. If a class of such readers is to be found, the fact would seem to be partly accounted for by the desire of over-occupied people to read scraps of thought in their scraps of leisure—the moments when the mind will not follow up a train of reasoning or consider a number of mutually dependent propositions, but is capable of a little enthusiasm and a little enjoyment of poetry. That is the most favorable way of accounting for this strange taste; another and a less good-natured way of accounting for it is to assume that those who read such books do so to *cram*, and get easily the appearance of knowledge of books and subjects. In the particular case of Mr. Ruskin, no one can say how much of the ready-writer's and the ready-talker's patronizing recognition of him as a clever but misguided writer has come of the free use of his disconnected sentences. A slashing article in *The Saturday Review* upon his latest book, a misworded quotation in the mouth of a glib talker, the sneer of some eminent architect or painter whose prejudice and interests have been shocked by the critic, however little felt by the reader of Ruskin's works as Ruskin wrote them, may powerfully influence and wholly misdirect the reader of selections. No reputation of less than two centuries can afford to risk a book of quotations.

Das Gesetz der Bevölkerung und die Eisenbahnen. "The Law of Population and Railroads." (Berlin: F. A. Herbig).—This highly important work is the production of Dr. G. E. Wiss, formerly U. S. consul at Rotterdam. It is an elaborate and thorough investigation of the statistics of industry and commerce in the United States from 1790 to 1860, and will richly repay a thoughtful perusal from beginning to end. We are glad to learn that it is being translated into English, and we may content ourselves, therefore, with placing the salient points before our readers.

The cheap and rapid transportation of goods and persons by railroad has quickened exchange in trade, brought raw material from its most distant points of origin, extended the market, heightened with the demand the production, and augmented the population, especially of the cities. It is true railroads have supplanted canals to a great extent; but the latter will not cease to be a means of transportation as long as they convey heavy freight at a cheaper rate than railroads, or wherever they form connecting links between railroads, or where the saving of time is of little consequence. Thus the tonnage of the Erie Canal amounted in 1850 to 1,371,859, and had risen in 1860 to 2,276,061 tons, notwithstanding the competition of railroads. There are, as yet, few markets in the West. The Western farmer finds but little demand for his grain, as all his neighbors grow the same cereals. The surplus must accordingly be exported to find consumers, while its producer must import the various articles not supplied by his own industry. But with our distances all sorts of grain would lose their commercial value if we were restricted to our former means of transport. According to Dr. Wiss's table (p. 18), a ton of wheat worth in market \$49 50 will, at a distance of 100 miles, be still worth \$48 when transported by railroad, and only \$34 50 when transported by wagon; at the distance of 160 miles, if transported by rail it will still be worth \$47 10, while, if transported by wagon, its value will be reduced to \$25 50. Vast tracts of splendid land are unsalable and almost valueless for the cultivation of grain, on account of their great distance from railroads.

The increase in the value of land consequent upon the building of railroads through or near it exceeds by far the cost of construction. On this point, Dr. Wiss states, for instance, that the coal-fields of Alabama will acquire the same importance for the Gulf of Mexico and the factories of the Southern States as those of Pennsylvania for the North. The shores of this gulf, he says, are destined to become the seat of a commerce greater than the world has ever seen on any shore, and this commerce, together with the great interests connected with it, will owe its development and grandeur chiefly to the coal-fields slanting towards the gulf and discharged by rail.

In "New" America railroads are the forerunners, not, as in Europe, merely the attendants of civilization. They precede the formation of cities, people the wastes, and bind remote sections together. We glean a few items from the author's copious statistics for every State (pp. 60-447) showing the effect of railroads on the ratio of increase of population. From the example of Maine, the author concludes that railroads built through fertile but as yet uncultivated lands will at first increase the population of the large cities and benefit that of the country, but will act unfavorably on the smaller towns. Considering that the migration westward and southward from New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts, and the sterile soil of these States, should tend to diminish their ratio of increase, Dr. Wiss attributes the actual large increase, especially in the larger cities, and their

great prosperity to the energetic undertaking and construction of railroads. The statistics of Connecticut and Rhode Island show a slight increase of population in the country, but a considerable increase in the cities.

Passing over to Pennsylvania, we find the increase of the cities very striking, if we bear in mind that this State, with its extensive and fertile area, and a population therefore predisposed to agricultural pursuits, would naturally resist the influence of the locomotive, which is rapidly changing it to an industrial State. The ratio of increase in Ohio in 1800-1810 was 408 per cent.; in the railroad decades, 1830-1860, it was in general only 62, 30, 18 per cent. respectively, while that of the cities went far above 100 per cent., reaching even 355 and 464 per cent.

We conclude with the author's summary in his final chapter:

"In looking at the total effect of railroads on production, on the increase and distribution of population, the growth of the agricultural population in the newly settled States, the new formation of cities, the decline and rise of smaller towns and the rapid increase of large cities—we perceive such a powerful revolution of our entire social life that we are astonished to see so little attention given to it by the labor and thought of science. . . . The hostile powers of discordant mankind, the powers of war converted into science, have already seized upon this great instrument of culture to do their wicked work or to lend its mighty aid to the sad necessities of defence. But the same railroads have also, for the millennium of peace, the significance of developing culture to a degree never thought of before. The position of the cities will be a decisive factor in this social and political development; they will, by the saving of labor and by intellectual means, return a thousandfold to the country what they withdrew from it in laboring strength. The difference between the rudeness of country life and the super-refinement of city life will disappear by mutual giving and taking. . . . We may seek and respect the roots of our present life in the past, but a grander future lies before us. The great natural law of life—which imparts a magic power even to the instruments of motion—urges us on to infinite growth and perfection."

Snow-Berries. A Book for Young Folk. By Alice Cary. (Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.)—We hardly recommend purveyors of literature for young people to buy "Snow-Berries." The verses of which it is composed, to the extent of about one-half the book, can hardly interest children. Let us take the stanzas headed "To the Boys," which are more directly addressed to young people than others in the book:

"Don't you be afraid, boys,
To whistle loud and long,
Although your quiet sisters
Should call it rude or wrong.

"Keep yourselves good-natured,
And, if smiling falls,
Ask them if they ever saw
Muzzles on the quails!

"If they say the teaching
Of Nature is n't true,
Get astride the fence, boys,
And answer with a whew

Three out of eight stanzas are enough. There are no boys within our knowledge who could be induced to read such verses. They convey no idea in which boys are likely to take an interest, and our experience of children is that they care a great deal for the chime of verse, and that such halting lines as these will not suit them. In "The Cow-Boy," which seems to us the best set of verses in the book, the story is not uninteresting, and in harmless prose would be read, as it certainly will not be in the weak verses that enshrine it here. Bad poetry and undignified composition, and vague, hesitating, pointless wording, are as sure to repel children as grown people. Then it is safe to assume that the incomprehensible will not please young folks very much—and there are many passages in this book out of which the present writer, at least, fails to get the meaning. One rather pretentious poem, "The Potter's Luck," is wholly beyond the power of interpretation of readers of some acumen.

For the prose:—the first thing in the book is a story called "The Spotted Deer," a mixture of the most incongruous, inconsidered, and, we do not scruple to say, absurd incidents; in which figure Red Indians about as real as Chateaubriand's; French settlers, principally remarkable for their skill in taming wild beasts; young dancers who "lit up the shady places with their blushes as they 'tript it to and fro on the light fantastic toe';" youths with such gymnastic training and such length of limbs as to be "seen with a wolf or ground-hog and perhaps one or two other animals between their legs;" and a forest beauty more naïve and "green" than any poor girl working for her own living who has so far been made known to us.

The stories are not all so poor, and that one called "The Man who Stole a Cow" is a tolerable moral tale. And there is one we have not read, called "The Man with a Stone in his Heart;" this we are willing to believe excel-

lent. But the book, taken together, is exceedingly poor. The little reading that healthy and active children will do ought to be given to better things; and as it probably will be quite readily, as long as better things are accessible, we do not anticipate much waste of time as resulting from the purchase and Christmas-giving of this dull book.

The Sportsman and Naturalist in Canada; or, Notes on the Natural History of the Game, Game Birds, and Fish of that Country. By Major W. Ross King, B.A., Unattached, F.R.G.S., F.S.A.S. (London: Hurst & Blackett.)—There are many varieties of sportsmen. There is the enthusiastic school, of which the celebrated John Jorrocks is a representative, and who asserts that "hunting is the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent. of its danger." Then we have the amateur, who having, after years of assiduous toil, bagged a blue-jay or shot a sorrel colt in mistake for a woodcock, celebrates his prowess in a work of two volumes. Then, again, there are men like the late H. W. Herbert, who are not only good shots and thorough masters of their craft, but who possess a charming facility in recounting their adventures and experiences. To this class we may assign Major King, of the British army.

Usually in works on sporting, especially those edited by our own people, the greater portion of the volume is devoted to the glorification of "mine host"—a worthless genus—or to rhapsodical descriptions of the setting sun and a particular brand of whiskey. Major King is a gratifying exception. Although a keen observer of nature and ardent lover of the beauties of the landscape, he treats his subject with the straightforwardness of the man of science and the moderation and cultivation of a gentleman. His work for this reason would, perhaps, be more entertaining to the naturalist than to the ordinary sportsman or "sporting man." It is arranged in three divisions: mammals, birds, and fishes, the first being subdivided into Rapacia, Rodentia, and Ruminantia. Under the last head the author gives a most entertaining account of the habits and manners of hunting the moose and caribou, animals likely soon to disappear from the continent, owing to the wanton slaughter to which they are subjected at all seasons by pothunters, Canadian shopkeepers, and the officers of "Her Britannic Majesty's Service." The abundance of game-birds seems almost fabulous when read of in this latitude. Woodcock, grouse, quail, snipe, and duck appear, from the major's narrative, to visit the Dominion merely for the pleasure of being plucked by the viceregal court. The genial Genio C. Scott, tailor and sportsman, has anticipated the major in his account of trout and salmon fishing, but of the written experiences of the two we prefer that of the "unattached" naturalist. We think he devotes too much space to the white fish of the lakes, and praises too highly its nutritious and gastronomic qualities; but this, of course, is purely a matter of taste.

Apart from its literary and scientific merits, the typography of this book is a marvel of clearness and beauty. The chromo-lithographic illustrations which accompany it are admirable and accurate reproductions, both in color and drawing, of the living specimens.

The Empress Josephine: An historical sketch of the days of Napoleon. By Louisa Mühlbach. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)—Our authoress, it appears, does not insist upon labelling all her works "romances," though this is the first exception we remember to have met with; whether more or less valuable for being a sketch, we do not pretend to affirm. It is more remarkable as the first of the Mühlbach series that has been even tolerably illustrated. Mr. Fay's name as an artist is hardly made as yet, and the present designs will do no more than introduce him to the public. They are evidently careful studies from life and from historical sources, and, though of unequal merit, exhibit very unusual versatility both of style and of ideas, freedom from conventionalism, and self-confidence, which promise greater, perhaps great, performances hereafter.

Letters from Europe. By John W. Forney, Secretary of the Senate of the United States, Proprietor and Editor of the Philadelphia Press and Washington Chronicle. (Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.)—Mr. Forney is the worst of all travellers. For his book not only has in it nothing that has not been said before—which might have been forgiven him—but it has everything that everybody has said before who ever travelled in Europe. But it was meant for "the readers of the Philadelphia Press and Washington Chronicle." The Petersons are to be congratulated on having made, in this instance, a better looking volume than most of theirs are

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

A WORD MORE ABOUT IMPEACHMENT.

ONE meets constantly both in literature and philosophy and politics with men who are addicted to cramming into their heads ideas which are too big for their brains, and which, consequently, produce acute mental inflammation, showing itself in rant and bombast. Mr. Williams, if we may judge from the "report" on the impeachment of President Johnson which he has appended to the evidence collected by the Judiciary Committee, is one of these, and not the least remarkable. His symptoms are certainly as grave as those of any case which has recently come under our notice. Mr. Boutwell and the rest of the majority seem, too, to have been fully conscious of the unfortunate gentleman's condition, inasmuch as they were very careful to mention that it was he who wrote the report, being apparently unwilling to incur the suspicion of sharing in his malady. What has brought Mr. Williams to grief is the notion, which he makes frantic but unsuccessful efforts to develop, that in Andrew Johnson the majority of the committee had got hold of a great historical character of the Stuart and Strafford type, whose abilities and wickedness made his possession of power dangerous to the state, and whose removal, therefore, was a duty as delicate as it was awful. There is certainly some resemblance between Mr. Johnson and Charles I. or James II., but Mr. Williams has apparently very little idea in what it consists. The President is like the Stuarts in having very loose notions of the nature and functions either of the legislature or of the executive, and in fancying that the latter is the real depository of the sovereignty even in a constitutional government, the former being rather an adviser than a lawgiver. He has set out his opinions, too, in much the same temper and with a similar want of sincerity. But here the parallel ceases. Nothing can be possibly more unlike than the relations of the Stuarts to the English nation and those of our worthy "Chief Magistrate" to the American nation, and nothing but the nervous disorder we have mentioned would have led Mr. Williams to fancy there was any analogy between them. The crisis, too, through which the country is passing is a momentous one, no doubt, but it is not Mr. Johnson's faults and follies which have made it so, and his impeachment or removal would, therefore, not remove any of the real difficulties in the national path. The business of impeaching him is not now and never was a weighty or important business in the eyes of anybody except the small knot of supernaturally illuminated politicians who have taken it in hand.

Whether the North would reap the fruits of its victory in the field, after the fighting was over, has all along depended not on what Andrew Johnson did or said, or what Mr. Stevens or Mr. Wade or Mr. Boutwell said or did, or what anybody else said or did, but on the temper and persistence of the Northern people. In every great struggle, whether in war or peace, it is only a small number of master-minds who can take in the whole field and see where the key of the position really lies, and on what combination of circumstances the fortunes of the day will turn. The common run of politicians and soldiers are pretty sure to fasten on some trifling matter of only collateral importance, and see in it, to use the gorgeous balderdash of Mr. Williams, at once "a master-key" and "a centre of gravity," and make a fuss about it in the inverse ratio of the value of their opinions. We might illustrate this copiously from the chronicles both of the late war and of the last two years, if we had space. One of the most striking examples of the force of this tendency has been what we may call, we hope without offence, the impeachment craze. For a year and a half a number of well-meaning, as well as some ill-meaning, persons have been fully persuaded that unless, by hook or by crook, Andrew Johnson could be got out of the Presidential chair, all was lost, and have been trying, but with a very small measure of success, to win the public over to their way of thinking. As is usual with a certain class of minds, the more they thought of their scheme, the more important it appeared; and the

more important it appeared, the more stupendous a villain Andrew Johnson became. He started before them as simply a very indecent brawler, whose presence in the White House was a national disgrace, no doubt, but who was simply a disgrace—nothing more. As the chase continued he grew into a fornicator and adulterer, then a seller of pardons, then a conspirator against the nation, then the preparer of a *coup d'état*, and finally General Butler ran him to earth as a common assassin. But all this was done by dint of hallooing and insinuating. No proofs were forthcoming, and, in order to put a good face on this little defect, it was given out that the proofs were too awful to be laid before the public till the committee was ready to report, and the members were bound to secrecy under the most solemn sanctions. We have waited with bated breath more than a year for the opening of the bag, and now Mr. Williams has opened it and displays its contents with a showman's magniloquence. But it turns out, as we have over and over suggested in these columns, that he has nothing to show that we did not all know already. The secrecy was apparently intended simply to heighten the effect of a rather sorry farce. Two-thirds of the charges are simply offences for which the only proper punishment is non-re-election and public reprobation.

There could hardly be a better illustration of the diseased condition of Mr. Williams's political sense than the enumeration amongst Mr. Johnson's "high crimes and misdemeanors" of his having vetoed bills he ought to have approved, and having advised legislatures to reject a constitutional amendment which he ought to have advised them to adopt. Why, if the President might be impeached for offences of this sort, so might every member of Congress be impeached for voting against any bill which the majority chose to pronounce essential to the national safety, and so might every member who made stump speeches against a constitutional amendment. The President has just as much legal right to veto wrongly as a senator to vote wrongly, just as much right to argue against a constitutional amendment as a senator to argue for it. We think Mr. Johnson has been wrong, and perhaps from bad motives, in nearly all his vetoes and in nearly all his recommendations; but if he is only to veto when the majority in Congress says he may, and only to recommend what they prescribe, his office becomes a ridiculous sinecure.

Nearly all the charges, too, are old and well worn. The pardoning of the Virginian deserters, if true, was a bad and corrupt act; but bad as it was, and corrupt as it was, it was no worse than other Presidents have done, and than other officials are constantly doing; and though we should like to see Mr. Johnson punished for it, we should not like to see the country convulsed, reconstruction delayed, and the public credit imperilled in order to have it done. The power of impeachment is not lodged in the hands of the House for the purpose of affording striking examples of poetic justice, or for delighting the lover of pure morality with the spectacle of wicked men brought to grief and discomfiture. It is lodged in their hands, like all their other powers, for the public good, and is to be used or not used not to meet any theory of abstract right or wrong, but as the public interests may seem to require. We do not know of any rule of morality which demands that the poor shall be kept suffering, the finances of a great nation deranged, scandal brought on free government, and the whole community convulsed and the machinery of administration almost paralyzed, simply that Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, may be chastised for being ruffianly in speech and demeanor, and for having, after passing thirty years of his life as a pro-slavery demagogue, failed in playing the part of an enlightened Christian statesman. The people to be punished, as it seems to us, are those who, knowing his character and antecedents, nominated him in the convention; and the proper remedy for his case is not to do the like again. As long as the whole tenor of a man's life counts for nothing in the selection of candidates, or can be covered over by a few harangues or a few execrations, such cases will occur; and it is not the cheat, but those who give him the chance of cheating, who ought to be called to account for it. When he removed the generals last summer, we feared, as we said at the time, that he did so for the purpose of putting men in their place who would use their powers to frustrate the Congressional plan of reconstruction. Had this proved true, Mr. Williams would have a charge to make on the strength of which we should be all agreed. But it has not proved

true. Nothing very mischievous has followed the removal of the generals. It confirms our bad opinion of the President, and has probably exerted a bad influence on the Southern mind, but impeachment is not a proper means of punishing men for the remote and indirect bad consequences of acts in themselves lawful.

One does not need to possess any very extraordinary amount of wisdom to be able to say that now, as two years ago, no single move in this reconstruction business, no single man, possesses paramount importance. The essential thing is that the Northern people be kept earnest, persistent, high-minded, and *satisfied with the Republican party*. If for any reason it is driven or seduced into taking the power away from the Republican party, we shall fear the worst for the future. The freedmen will be endangered, the public credit will be endangered, the national honor, and even the memory of the dead, will be endangered. Every consideration, high and low, makes it desirable that the country be not disgusted with the present holders of power. It is for this reason that we have, during the last two years, declaimed incessantly, and at constant risk of being misunderstood, against the tendency of Republican leaders in Congress to abuse or waste their influence. When Mr. Stevens was preaching confiscation, gagging the opposition, and hurrying important bills through Congress without debate; when Mr. Boutwell was threatening the Supreme Court with abolition, and excluding the whole Southern bar from practice in the United States courts; when Mr. Banks was humiliating every sensible man in the country with his Fenian "reports"; and when Messrs. Butler, Ashley & Co. were crying night and day for impeachment, we felt satisfied that though these gentlemen flattered themselves they were striking deadly blows at the enemy, they were in reality alienating their own followers, and that if they kept at their work, though they might succeed in pouring out many vials on the heads of Mr. Johnson and the rebels, they would probably end in thoroughly sickening the country of themselves and their performances, and bring the whole process of reconstruction, as the Republican party had planned it, to a stand-still. It must now be confessed those who were of this way of thinking, and they were many, have proved to be not very far wrong. It is not yet too late for the majority in Congress to retrace its steps and turn to serious things. The work before it is to bring the South back to the Union on the basis of equal rights, and not to punish the President or provide farms for negroes or remodel the American Government. Even if it were well to do all these things, it cannot do them. Would it not now be well to turn to the essential, and abandon all else? The impeachment scheme has apparently found a fitting grave in Mr. Williams's rhetoric, and it is a striking and significant fact that General Butler, who was sent to Congress with a loud flourish of trumpets for the express purpose of riding this hobby, has already abandoned it and is engaged in the pleasing task of persuading Congress to adopt a course with regard to the public debt which, whatever it might do "to lighten the public burdens," would so thoroughly damn American credit that the public would probably never be troubled with any other burden in the shape of debt, let it want money ever so much, within the next two centuries at least.

THE NATIONAL BANK CURRENCY ONCE MORE.

The statement is that the national bank act commits a "great error" and does a "great wrong," which "should be corrected and redressed"—namely, in this, that the act operates to give those who invest capital in a national bank double interest, as compared with investing in United States bonds; that is, seven per cent. from the loan of the national bank bills and seven per cent. paid by the United States Treasury for interest on the bonds deposited with it.

This view seems to overlook the following facts:—1st, That the national bank bills issued to any bank cannot exceed ninety per cent. of the par value of its bonds deposited with the Treasury. 2d, That the banks must pay to the Government a tax of over one per cent. per annum on the amount of their circulation. 3d, That they must keep a reserve of legal-tender money, available for the redemption of their bills, of not less than fifteen per cent. of their amount. 4th, That when one buys United States bonds he is exempt from municipal taxation on them, but if he buys shares in a national bank he is taxable for their value, for municipal purposes; a difference (in the writer's neighborhood) of at least two per cent. 5th, That the expenses of carrying on the business may be estimated at more than one per cent. 6th, That as the banks will not realize so much for interest as

they now do, when specie payments come to be resumed, by the amount of the premium on the gold interest—which will be a difference of two per cent.—no change can safely be made which does not provide sufficiently for that contingency. 7th, That in New England, at least, there seems to be no reason to suppose that *new* national banks, even if able to keep out a full proportion of circulation, could, as a permanent thing, pay dividends sufficient to give their stockholders seven per cent. per annum above the municipal taxes upon their shares. It is evident that such a rate is not likely to be attained, both from the foregoing figures and also from the market price of most of the New England bank stocks. Their shares sell for considerable premiums. But it is because they have large reserves, which they had when the banking act compelled them to change from State institutions, as most of them originally were, to become national banks, as the only alternative from winding up. In respect to fifteen or twenty among the safest and best managed of these banks in Boston and interior towns of Massachusetts, the figures for which happen to be at hand, it appears that the shares would not sell for so much, at the present time, as the market value of their bonds and other net assets by an average of eight or ten dollars a share. Such has been the case, also, for the last two years. It is very plain that if the banks are taxed as the article referred to suggests, "one-half of the interest on their deposited bonds" in addition to their present taxes, they will, in most cases, become too unprofitable to their stockholders to be continued unless the shares shall be wholly exempt from municipal taxation. And is it not extremely unwise to add, by national authority, to the amount of property already exempt from city and town assessment? Would not the exemption of four hundred millions worth of bank shares be extremely odious, and, in the long run, an insufferable burden to the people? E. G. A.

NOVEMBER 18.

The great importance attached to the approaching action of Congress on the subject of the national banks is well illustrated by the number of communications addressed to us in reply to our remarks of October 14. It is scarcely necessary to say that they are all condemnatory of our views. We have alike displeased the friends of the national banks and the partisans of the legal-tender currency, and this fact alone convinces us that there is some merit in our suggestions. The arguments of the greenback party are so extremely plausible and acceptable to the popular mind that we do not refer to them anew but the infatuation of the friends of the banks is so profound that it is worth while to refute some of their arguments, in the hope that a recognition of their mistakes may incline them to that spirit of concession which is their only chance of escaping destruction. From among numerous communications (some from valued friends) we select the letter of "E. G. A." as a striking illustration of the utter unfairness with which the claims of the banks are constantly urged by men undoubtedly honest and evidently desiring to be fair.

No argument that has been used by us could be more damaging to the national banks than some of the reasonings of "E. G. A." The opponents of the banks argue that the banks have undue privileges at the expense of the people. The answer is, that if deprived of a part of these privileges, some of the banks could not pay seven per cent. dividends above the municipal taxes! If they do not pay without a national subsidy, they are evidently not wanted, and should cease to exist. Surely a national bank is not an institution so essential to national welfare that the people should be taxed to maintain it; and we have yet to learn that the national bank act was passed with the view of guaranteeing seven per cent. dividends to anybody. One of the greatest injuries done by the bank act was the creation of a host of mischievous institutions, which, by the very law of their existence, can not exist unless they "can keep out a full proportion of circulation," fostering speculation by reckless loans to their neighbors, or else, more prudently for themselves but with equal injury to the community, swelling the idle balances of their city correspondents and compelling them to become inflationists. The rightful and proper business of a bank is to receive deposits and employ a portion of those deposits in loans and discounts. If a neighborhood does not offer enough of this legitimate business a bank has no right to be there; and that the banks must cease to exist if their right to a subsidy from the national Treasury be withdrawn, is the strongest possible proof of the correctness of our assertion, that the banks *do* receive advantages which the people pay for.

We will not quarrel with those among our correspondents who point out what for simplicity's sake we did not refer to, that the banks can get only ninety per cent., and some even less, of circulation on their deposited bonds, which is undoubtedly true, as it is equally true that they get as a general thing far more than the seven per cent. in-

terest that we charged them with. But we must protest against their claim that they do not make interest on that part of their circulation which they are compelled to hold as a reserve, for the simple reason that it has no foundation. The average reserve of twenty per cent. on the total circulation would amount to less than sixty millions, while the last quarterly bank statement shows that the banks held as reserve nearly fifty-seven millions of compound interest notes, which pay them actually over seven per cent. But, apart from this, we all know that bankers would have to hold a reserve for their own convenience and safety, even if the law did not so provide; and further, that every bank by the very nature of its operations makes more than legal interest on its loans, and so can afford to hold a reserve without interest.

The claim made by several of our correspondents, that the banks are charged one per cent. on their deposits, is only another specimen of the prevalent style of reasoning. Private bankers, who are not allowed circulation, are charged the same, and if they were not, the charge has nothing to do with the circulation; and surely no one expects that bankers should have the additional advantage over other citizens that they should escape their share of the general burden of taxation.

The only tax or charge of any kind which a national bank has to pay on account of its circulation, and which it would *not* have to pay if it had *no* circulation, is the one per cent. tax on the actual circulation itself. All other taxes or charges it bears in common with others or for privileges totally unconnected with its circulation. The objection against the banks is not based on their profits, which no one has any business with. The objection is, that the circulation furnished by the banks costs the people over seven per cent. per annum, while the greenback circulation costs the people nothing. We fail to find in all that has been written or printed on the subject a single defensible denial of this position.

We are totally opposed to any further issue of greenbacks on any pretence whatever. We believe that the national banks are an invaluable instrument for aiding the return to specie payment and to a sound currency. Hence we desire to sustain them. But we seek in vain for an argument to meet the popular clamor for the substitution of greenbacks for their notes. Indeed, such an argument is not to be found. The whole national bank act works injustice. On what rational principle was the circulation divided among the different sections of the country? If the right to issue currency is not a valuable privilege, why is it not equally open to all men and all sections alike? If it is a valuable privilege, by what right is it held by the present holders in preference over others? The claim of vested rights must surely yield to the superior claim of equal justice. Equal justice demands that a valuable privilege be totally waived, or at least equally distributed. Parts of the West and the whole of the South are destitute of banking privileges, while in the North many banks barely keep up a struggling existence by managing to "keep out a full proportion of circulation."

The law fixed a limit to the amount of circulation to be issued by all the national banks of the United States. Why? For no other reason than this: the privilege of issuing circulation is so valuable that without such a restriction the country would have been flooded with unlimited amounts of national bank currency, issued by banks seeking to derive their share of advantage from this valuable privilege. If the privilege be made less valuable, will not the fear of these unlimited issues of currency be at once removed? If the privilege be made less valuable, will it not be perfectly safe to permit its extension to the sections that now demand it? If the privilege be made less valuable, will not, as our correspondent states, many banks in country towns cease to exist, and surrender their share of this valuable privilege, and thus furnish an opportunity for other sections to acquire a share even without increasing the total amount of circulation now outstanding? And finally, if the privilege be made less valuable, and the cost to the people thus reduced, will not the people be more likely to allow the privilege to remain, instead of insisting, as they are otherwise almost certain to do, that it be abolished, and greenbacks substituted for the whole of the national bank notes?

If the national bank act is amended so as to permit any now exist-

ing or yet to be established national bank to obtain from the Treasury a corresponding amount of uniform national currency upon the deposit of United States bonds, with the condition of paying into the Treasury one-half of the interest on said bonds so long as they remain deposited in the Treasury as security for such circulation, and with the privilege to the owner of withdrawing said bonds at his pleasure on presentation of a corresponding amount of currency in sums of ten or twenty thousand dollars, and of again depositing them on the preceding conditions, the following ends would be gained:

1. We should have a currency that cost the issuer from three to four per cent. per annum, and that he could at any moment return into the Treasury. There would no longer be an inducement to petty cross-road banks to foster speculation by "keeping out a full proportion of circulation;" but there would be no impediment to banks getting all the circulation they need and can employ safely at six or seven per cent. per annum net interest;

2. We should have a currency that would return into the Treasury quietly during the summer, when it is not wanted, and come out of the Treasury quietly in the fall, when it is required for the moving of the crops; that would come from the Treasury in large amounts when the crops were large or prices high, and in small amounts when the crops were small or prices low; a currency that would increase with the wants of the people and diminish with the wants of the people, and not be enlarged or restricted by the trammels of a law which can never judge of the popular necessities; in one word, we should have an *elastic, self-regulating currency*;

3. We should satisfy and do justice to all those sections of the country which have heretofore had no share in the advantages of the national bank system, without any danger of wildly inflating our currency; and

4. We should show to the people that the privilege of issuing currency had best remain with the banks, who can make the privilege profitable to themselves without making it onerous to the country.

THE PUBLIC CONSCIENCE.

EVERYBODY must remember that during the war there was a widespread belief, amongst the best people in the country, that the material and political results of the struggle would prove after all by no means the most valuable; that its effects on national morals would be those for which there would be most reason to be grateful. It was expected, and not unnaturally expected, that the exaltation which made so many millions ready to sacrifice everything in defence of the national existence, could hardly pass away without leaving behind marked traces on individual character, and, through individual character, on the character of the whole people; that after so much had been sacrificed for ideas, ideas would hereafter hold a higher place than ever before in the national polity.

There were two years at least of the struggle during which the nation was really saved by the faith of individual men and women, by their worship of unseen and often only dimly imagined good, by their contempt for lands and gold and life and limb. Thousands and thousands of those who, before the war, had been disgusted by the prevailing worship of material comfort and the prostitution of everybody and everything to money-making, and had been thrown into despair about the political future by the political corruption and political disorders, found their hope quickened and courage restored by the spectacle of devotion which met their eyes everywhere during the struggle, at the fireside as well as in the field. It was not one's opinion of the American people only, but of human nature, that was raised, by what one saw, both of the conduct of the soldiers before the enemy and of the friends they left behind them on the farms and workshops. The editors and the lecturers, and not a few of the preachers, were so touched by it all that they were not afraid to announce the dawning of an era of nobler manners and purer laws. Slavery was gone, but that was after all only the grossest of the many evils that were to pass away. We were to breathe a better atmosphere. Our young men were to take more interest in politics, and politics were to rest on morality in a way they had never done before. Everybody had all along felt that if the

United States had any special mission in the world it was not simply to clothe and feed people better than they could be clothed and fed in other parts of the world, but to afford an example, such as the world had never seen, of the application to national conduct of the rules to which it was the object of the Christian religion to subject individual conduct. America, people felt, somehow or other ought to have been the model state not in arts or arms, but in goodness; slavery, it was said, had prevented its being so, but slavery was now abolished, and after the war the ideal was to reign supreme over our outgoings and incomings.

Of course, it was impossible for the very sober-minded any more than for the cynical to share in these pleasing anticipations. Those who fancied the war was to drive all the knaves and fools out of the country were, of course, as much too sanguine in *their* field as the gentlemen who announced that the whole property, real and personal, of the nation was pledged for the repayment of the national debt, were in the field of finance. Great bodies of men are never raised suddenly in the moral scale. There are times when their progress is more rapid than others. Great public calamities, if not so severe as to strike a blow at civilization or loosen the social bond, often give a great impulse to the upward tendency. No nation probably ever yet deliberately chose to suffer when it might have avoided suffering without being improved by it, or chose to bear present ills for the sake of remote and uncertain good without finding itself raised somewhat nearer to

"The shining table lands,
To which our God himself is moon and sun."

But even the most rapid changes for the better are slow, and though the war stirred millions of hearts with the pulses of a better life, and brought millions to see more clearly than they had ever done before how sublime a thing it is to die that others may live, and surrender that others may enjoy, it left most of the bad elements in the community unpurged and untouched. Very few, indeed, of those whose influence on national politics and morals is most debasing were either moved by the war or destroyed by it. Thousands of the smaller fry of scoundrels undoubtedly died on the field; but it is not by its criminals that a community is most debauched, but by those who use a fair moral character and fair social standing to give weight to doctrines by which the very foundations of morality are sapped and the respect of the masses weakened for all the things which make communities either really great or really good. We say deliberately that the worst highwayman or forger that has ever come before a jury was a harmless animal compared to a man of influence who uses his influence to persuade people that the great laws of morality only bind men as individuals and do not bind men in masses.

We are led into these remarks by the facility with which certain personages just now persuade people that, in determining the national obligations to the national creditor, the first consideration for each citizen is not what honor, or justice, or good faith, or fair fame require, but what his individual convenience dictates. In fact, the grand argument against meeting the public burdens as we agreed to meet them is simply that it is not pleasant to meet them—and the favor with which this argument has been received at the West; the effrontery with which a man like General Butler gets up in Congress, puts his tongue in his cheek, and finds excuses for not doing as we gave the world to understand we would do; the readiness, too, which other politicians, of better standing than General Butler, show in succumbing to such arguments, are, we fear, disagreeable illustrations of the extent to which the moral tone of the community has fallen off within even two years. Nobody but a Copperhead would have dared to preach these doctrines in 1863 or 1864. A man who then said that the public creditor would not be paid as the Government agents and the newspapers and popular orators were giving him to understand that he would be paid, would have been driven from society. There were no means of publicity, no figures of speech, there was no arrangement of figures, no trick of rhetoric, which were not used by all the prominent men of the Republican party to persuade persons at home and abroad, who had money to lend, that if they bought United States bonds with it they would be repaid in gold and silver. The very lowness of the rates at which the bonds were to be had in gold—which is

now used as an argument in favor of treating the public creditor as a miserable usurer—was then placed before him as one of the strongest inducements to buy. Yet at this moment the Western delegation in Washington, and some choice casuists and moralists from the East, are working might and main to show that, inasmuch as it is unfair to pay other creditors in paper when bondholders are paid in gold, the proper way of doing justice is not to pay all in gold, but to cheat those with whom we are now dealing justly. Moreover, the Speaker of the House, who was as loud a defender of the national honor as anybody when the money was lent, now makes no secret of his belief that the Western desire to diddle the public creditor is too strong for the Republican party to resist it. We suppose he feels that the first duty of the party is to keep in power, the means being a very small and unimportant matter.

It must be admitted this is not the state of things we looked forward to four years ago, when we were all engaged in showing what a trifle for a nation like this such a debt as ours would be. It is a trifle—a lighter debt by far than the English have borne unflinchingly for a hundred years, a far lighter debt than the Dutch have borne without a murmur for two hundred years without extraordinary resources, without increase of population, without any great political future. They have never sought to wriggle out of it, or evade it, or twist the letter of their own laws for the confusion of those who trusted them. There has never been a great party amongst them in favor of any such dodge or device. They have never maintained, as some of our financiers are now maintaining, that the sanctity of a debt diminishes in the direct ratio of the debtor's willingness to pay it. They have never said that the morality of the most immoral nation was good enough for them. They have never sought to show, as General Butler has done, that there was no occasion to carry into political finance the same sense of duty, the same responsibility to God and man, which an honest man carries into the conduct of his private affairs.

We do not anticipate from the people of the United States a display of greater bluntness of the moral perception than European nations have shown. We feel quite sure that when the subject has been fully discussed, and the real mental and moral character of some of the men whom the peculiar nature of the late struggle has raised into prominence has been fully exposed, justice will be done. But it is impossible to deny that the mere discussion through which we are now passing has in it something discreditable and disheartening. The subject is one which ought not to need discussion, any more than the right of a man to commit a fraudulent bankruptcy. It would never have been discussed, we venture to say, if that lofty ideal of the ends for which a Christian state exists which shone so brightly before men's eyes in the dark days of the war had not in some degree faded in the cold grey light of peace.

KNICKERBOCKER LITERATURE

FITZ GREENE HALLECK, who left us the other day, was a writer whose works are a favorable specimen of what, speaking roughly, may be called the Knickerbocker literature. Of the school of writers which produced this literature it is true to say that it was composed of authors whom we all remember as forgotten. Their names are well enough remembered, but the present generation knows little of them except their names, that they very properly acknowledged Washington Irving as their leader and master, and that they lived in or about New York. Charles Fenno Hoffman was one of them, James Kirke Paulding was another, Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake were two more, and besides these there were Robert C. Sands, John Sanderson, the two Clarks—Willis Gaylord and Lewis Gaylord—Nathaniel Parker Willis, perhaps, and, in a sense, Cooper the novelist. Two men, for a time classed among these by the popular voice, are Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Bryant; but these have both escaped. Mr. Bryant deserved his good fortune. For what saddens him a man can hardly return gratitude; but respect, very genuine if not profound, every reader of Mr. Bryant's poems must, it seems to us, accord their author. The spirit of his poetry is melancholic almost to sombreness; there is in it nothing to delight. It might be compared to a chill wind which blows softly—not out of graveyards; it possesses hardly so much of human interest as that—which blows over graves that have long been forgotten, where lies, undistinguished from the

common earth, the dust of disappeared races—unremembered nations and tribes resolved into earth. From such a soil grow all Mr. Bryant's lonesome, sad flowers of poetry. But though the impression produced by his poetry is not a pleasant one, and therefore not in the highest sense pleasing, still it is powerful, and he produces it of himself. Small faults of imitation he has, but the aspect of nature of which we have spoken—nature as seen from a solitary Indian mound sepulchre—is his own property, and at once he becomes independent of the Knickerbockers. Mr. Bancroft—who is to American history what Mr. Paulding is to American *belles-lettres* literature—came to New York from New England too late to be thoroughly identified with the old Knickerbocker people. A good many other names might be added to those we have mentioned, but they would be names, and no more at all, meaning nothing to this generation.

Doctor Rufus Wilmet Griswold, however, ought not to be passed by in silence, being, as he was, the Knickerbocker Boswell of our Knickerbocker Johnsons, in whose books they are perhaps more plainly to be seen than in any of their own works. Cotton Mather, during his sojourn here below, or above, produced three hundred and eighty-two books big and little; then comes Doctor Griswold, and praises him as "the first American Fellow of the Royal Society." It seems to us that in this critical judgment on so extremely literary an American as Mather was we find the clue which, if any clue were needed, would more surely than any other lead us to the right appreciation of the Knickerbocker literature. Indeed, it is so true as to be truismatically true that to the end of their days the writers who produced it were colonists and provincials; as literary men they had no right to any Fourth of July. Provincial they were even in the often-made assertion of their political independence and nationality, as any one may see to his abundant satisfaction who will look into the works of Paulding and see how that author, "lying supinely on his back," as somebody makes Patrick Henry say, "while his enemy binds him hand and foot"—writing stiffly in the manner of Swift with the matter of Paulding—insisted, with much ill-temper, not that America was America, but that it was not England, was much better than England and bigger than England; that the Mississippi is a larger river than the Thames; that *The Quarterly Review* was not infallible, and in a variety of ways rapped British knuckles with a yardstick that after all was British. The case was of a less inflammatory character, but, perhaps, even more hopeless, when Paulding and his compeers were not engaged in being patriotic. As Doctor Griswold flatteringly says, Mr. Hoffman was our Knickerbocker Moore—with the breadth of the Atlantic between him and the Irish one; Mr. Cooper was Scott whenever he could be, so far as he could be, and was himself only when he came to backwoods and prairies which Sir Walter had not seen; Verplanck and Sanderson had not, to be sure, remembered enough, but certainly they had not forgotten enough of the essayists of Queen Anne's time and the reviewers of *The Edinburgh*. Willis's reputation is dead, not because he was essentially an imitator but because he was essentially a slight man in his books. But even though Willis did not reflect English literature, he was driven to putting into his books English literary men and English society. At any rate he did so, and found his account in it. Drake died young, but lived long enough to imitate the versification of Byron and Moore, and to make it pretty evident that he would never have emancipated himself. Lewis Gaylord Clark came again to the surface the other day after a perfectly characteristic fashion—a fashion characteristic, at any rate, of the school of which he was one, not, perhaps, characteristic of him; we know next to nothing about him—in a letter written *à propos* of Mr. Dickens's arrival. Of course Mr. Samuel Rogers figured in it; so did the library at Sunnyside, Sidney Smith, Henry Brevoort, Mr. Bryant, and Mr. Halleck. "I think," says Mr. Clark, "it was Mr. Bryant who, in this connection, mentioned the fact to Rogers that Halleck when in England had passed his house near Hyde Park. 'Tell him,' said Rogers, 'when he is next in England that the author of "Marco Bozzaris" must not pass my house again; he must come in.'" We love to think that probably Doctor Griswold had heard this anecdote a couple of hundred times. It would have done him such a world of good. "Rogers's house," he would say to himself, "and near Hyde Park! Rogers knew him as the author of 'Marco Bozzaris'!" And we can imagine with what scorn he would have gazed on the young person who after that declined to believe Mr. Halleck "one of the first poets of the age." He would have leaned back in his chair and proceeded to relate that "Mr. Bryant once said to Rogers, the poet-banker, that Mr. Halleck"—and so on. Then, it is possible, he grasped his pen firmly, and continued his biography of the poet: "One evening in the spring of 1819, as Halleck was on the way home from his place of business, he stopped at a coffee-house then much frequented by young men, in the vicinity of Columbia College. A shower had just

fallen, and a brilliant sunset was distinguished by a rainbow of unusual magnificence. In a group about the door half-a-dozen had told what they would wish, could their wishes be realized, when Halleck said, looking at the glorious spectacle above the horizon: 'If I could have any wish, it should be to lie in the lap of that rainbow and read 'Tom Campbell.' A handsome young fellow standing near suddenly turned to him and exclaimed, 'You and I must be friends.'"

It was Joseph Rodman Drake who, thus impressed by a bit of imagery worthy of his own "Culprit Fay," thus proffered friendship, which was accepted on the spot. We have no need to imagine what sort of a man it was who could form the wish above recorded; it is still possible to turn to Halleck's works and discern plainly what Campbell, with the help of others, made of him. "Gem of the crimson-colored even," Campbell says, "Companion of retiring day," and Halleck follows after with "Twilight;" Byron, without at all meaning it, wrote "Fanny." Scott and Scott's parodists wrote for him "Alnwick Castle;" "Burns" Halleck himself had a finger in, and it was he, too, who wrote the energetic and obsolescent "Marco Bozzaris." Parts of the last-mentioned poem are, however, hardly yet obsolescent, and will hardly become so. It is the only poem of his in which he for a little while forgot himself—a feat of great difficulty for him; by which is meant not that he habitually carried undue self-consciousness into his poetry; but when he forgot himself he had to forget so many people.

The imitative character of Irving, also, the head and front of the school, is very generally, though it is not yet universally, recognized. There are still among us men of the generation whose hearts glowed within them when *The Edinburgh* praised "Bracebridge Hall," and who confuse the pleasure they got from Irving's works with the patriotic pleasure they got from the reviews of them. And then, unoriginal as he is, yet, speaking carefully, one would not so readily say of him that, born near the Tappan Zee, he closely imitated Addison, as one would say that he was a sort of a kind of an Addison—to speak after the New England fashion—who, by the bad accident of birth, happened to see the light in these Western wilds. As has often been said, his humor is imitative of the humor of the Anne-Augustan age; but it has a local color, and less often a local flavor, which proves it the fruit not of a graft merely, but of a tree in some respects *sui generis*. With this not very great amount of eulogy his admirers will be obliged, we suppose, to rest content; that seems to be the opinion on which criticism has for some time settled. For our own part, we should make this much abatement of the praise just given—his humor was constantly alloyed by a coarseness, sometimes with a knowing air half-concealed, sometimes not concealed at all, from which Addison kept himself more pure.

What has been said of the essentially imitative and colonial character of our Knickerbocker authors is not to be said, as nothing is to be said, without some limitations. Not much, however, is necessary in the way of limitation. Mr. Willis, for example, was the author of one or two little poems which possess the underived beauty of natural sentiments expressed in fine verse. Mr. Paulding is recognizable as an American patriot. Cooper, among his many utterly unreadable books, has one or two in which are one or two characters that are original with him, and that may be supposed natural. It is hard to tell. Indiscriminate praise was heaped on him; all of it that came from the other side of the water was bestowed by ignorant critics; most of it given him here was given by patriotically enthusiastic men, the mass of whom, we suppose, were as ignorant as their English brethren of the true Indian and true backwoodsman. We know nobody who gets through the books twice. However, the characters we have mentioned are, in a way, a success, and are, beyond a doubt, of Cooper's invention, unless we say that the backwoodsman was a discovery rather than an invention. What is true of Willis is to a less extent true of Morris, and so on of some of the others. But it remains true, too, that imitation was the life and breath of the Knickerbocker literature, and that it is now pretty much dead.

A few writers still linger among us who have sat at meat with the masters and disciples of it, and keep alive for a while longer its traditions in their own memories and the memories of the rest of us. Indeed, one or two of the disciples themselves are with us yet, and Halleck, but just gone, was even a master. Mr. L. G. Clark, who once edited *The Knickerbocker Magazine*—"Maga" and "Knick" they used to call it, with jocoseness—is, *ex officio*, of that other world. Mr. Tuckerman appears to be a connecting link between that one and ours. Mr. D. G. Mitchell smacks of it, and there are several other contemporary writers who, by some inexplicable, or explicable, association of ideas suggest to us the old days, though it would not be possible to bring them within our definition of the Knickerbocker author, or to make his description apply at all accurately to them.

Beyond a doubt it would be wrong to pass upon these writers whom we

have been glancing at a sentence of unmitigated condemnation. They were once the boast of their countrymen while yet Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell, all our really best men, were considered but 'prentice hands, and while it was unsuspected that almost our only really good names in literature—names that have, at any rate, thrown into utter eclipse the renown of the Knickerbocker men—were those of writers who knew not Irving. Once, we say, they were very eminent, and they have since so thoroughly lost their former distinction that we do not know where to look for a case parallel to theirs. The master of them all died after Sumter was fired on, and already it seems as if he had lived two hundred years ago. But nevertheless they served a most useful purpose. They were our first crop—to borrow a figure—and very properly were ploughed in, and though nothing of the same sort has come up since, and we may be permitted to hope that nothing of just the same sort will ever again come up, yet certainly they did something toward fertilizing the soil from the products of which we are now getting a part of our food. Certainly they cherished in our not wholly civilized community a love for things not materialistic. Halleck, for instance, if he did but little for literature pure and simple, did more and better for American civilization than if he had wholly devoted himself to "the cotton trade and sugar line" or to his duties as John Jacob Astor's agent. Our young men in Wall street and the streets adjacent may better trust themselves to his influence, though he never "swung a railroad," as they say in the West, than to the influence of Commodore Vanderbilt, if we may name names, in whose eyes business, it would seem, is war, and the war-cry is *en victis*. It cannot be expected of the average critic of to-day to say that as literary men our Knickerbocker literature is a very fine thing or a very valuable thing, but as Americans, if we are not sorry that it exists no longer, we may very well be glad that it once existed.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, November 15, 1867.

THE hurly-burly of the late brilliant Exhibition being over, and the excitement of the French re-intervention in Italian affairs having nearly died away, this excitement-loving city is somewhat at a loss what to take up as the plaything of the moment. It seems probable, however, that the opening of the legislative body will take place this year earlier than usual, and that "the capital of Europe" will soon be able to rejoice in the return of those classes of its population which contribute so largely to the movement, the glitter, and the scandal in which it delights.

In the absence of any special subject of interest, the Parisians have got up one of those periodic fits of expectation in regard to the supposed projects of the Government with which they are in the habit of amusing themselves when they have nothing else to do. Just now, it is confidently predicted that the coming legislative session will witness a notable relaxing of the governmental rein in regard to the press. In point of fact, the press is far less fettered than is supposed by those who are not *au courant* of the traditional tactics of parties in France. Provided that dynastic questions are left in abeyance and that no hostile attack is made on the fundamental principles of the existing constitution, writers may safely exercise any amount of criticism on the acts and policy of the Government. Unfortunately for all concerned, the traditions of the Paris press, as of Parisian salons, are essentially those of the *Fronde*, so that, no matter what may be the government of the moment, most of those who wield a pen seem instinctively impelled to attack it, and thus naturally provoke reprisals on the part of the reigning power. The law which, shortly after the establishment of the Empire, imposed on French journalists the necessity of signing their articles, was intended to give additional facilities to the Government for repressing the license of attack which was admitted on all hands to have become an abuse; but the vanity which forms so leading a trait in the character of most Frenchmen not only caused that law to be accepted with enthusiasm by the very parties against whom it was directed, but has led, by the temptation of the easy road thus opened to notoriety, to the creation of a host of little dailies, at one and two sous each, many of which have attained an immense circulation, and almost all of which, from the grossness or triviality of their contents, are generally felt to be a disgrace to the capital. As, moreover, these little sheets, created for the express purpose of enabling unknown pens to become notorious, have brought into the journalistic field a host of young scribblers, often very clever, but generally unscrupulous and hot-headed, and as prompt to take offence as they are prone to offend, one of the results of the operation of "la loi Tinguely" (so called from the name of its framer) has been to make duelling between newspaper-writers so much a matter of course that scarcely a week passes

without one or more of these absurd encounters. The last number of a favorite caricaturist print of this city has a *croquis* labelled "A Journalist of the Future," and representing an individual with a wooden leg, a hook in place of a hand, his head bandaged, and a quantity of scars. Hitherto Paris has had rather a weakness for duelling. But the constant recurrence of these encounters, and the futility of the motives which in most cases have prompted them, and which are always detailed with the utmost minuteness in the journals to which the combatants belong, seem to be having at least one good effect, viz., that of rendering the business of duelling ridiculous, on the one hand, and of creating a general desire for the abrogation of the law on signatures, on the other. What the Parisians "wish" they are usually apt to "believe"; and we are accordingly assured, on all hands, that one of the first of the changes so confidently predicted in regard to the existing arrangements for muzzling the press will be the repeal by the Legislative Chamber of the law in question.

It is just announced that the Chambers will be opened with the usual pomp on Monday next by the Emperor in person. We shall, therefore, soon learn what may be the changes, if any, in store for us. But, if we are to accept certain verdicts pronounced by Frenchmen on themselves (or rather on their neighbors), any modifications of existing arrangements would seem to be of little importance. A posthumous work of the great socialist and philosophical wrangler, Proudhon, published a few days since by Lacroix, contains, among other similar upbraidings addressed to his countrymen, the following picture of the French people as judged by the writer:

"Equivocal generation, mixture of Gauls, Cimbri, Aquitanians, Swiss, Allobroges, and Belgians, womanish, light, vain, inconstant, with little dignity, little strength of character, servile, fond of gossip, given to lazy loitering, stupid, the people of France neither understand nor appreciate anything but to be commanded. . . . The Frenchman has not, really, any need to be free. Somebody has said that we are not yet ripe for freedom. The remark is inexact. We never shall be ripe for freedom, and freedom would be useless to us if we had it. . . . Let a Frenchman only have enough to live on, let him invent and repeat whatever nonsense comes into his noddle, let him have something to quiz, let him make calumnious jokes against the government of the day while obeying it, let him have his wine, let him make love, give him neat verses, delicate dinners, theatres, fireworks, and *tam tam*, and he is the most contented of mortals, and ready to exclaim in the fulness of his satisfaction, 'After me the deluge.'"

That this picture is a caricature will be admitted by all who have lived long enough among the French people to know them, but none who really know them will deny that, like all caricatures, it contains a certain amount of truthful resemblance.

Parisians of all shades—save one—have been scandalized and indignant at the unfeeling remark of General Du Failly, in his report of the sanguinary engagement of Mentana: "The Chassepot rifles have done wonders." The new arm not only enables the soldier to take aim, at an immense distance, with almost unerring precision, but its explosive bullets inflict horrible, most painful, and absolutely incurable wounds. The tone of mere professional satisfaction implied in the words so generally criticised, and which displeased the Emperor so much that the publication of the remark has brought some of the head people of the *Moniteur* into trouble, has called forth a general protest, interesting, however, as a sign of progress on the part of the public in relation to the organized murder called "war" rather than as being logical in itself. For, evidently, if the most advanced science, the most consummate skill, and a large proportion of the wealth of nations, are devoted to the perfecting of the implements of destruction, it is only logical to applaud the perfection with which they work. The brilliant victory achieved by these formidable weapons in the hands of the trained French soldiers of the Papal army over the defective old fowling-pieces of the raw Garibaldian volunteers at Mentana, has brought mourning into many of the proudest houses of the "aristocratic Faubourg," whose sons and brothers had hastened to Rome, on the approach of Garibaldi to the Eternal City, and had enlisted under the banner of the Papal tiara. What ever may be one's sympathies in relation to the cause they fought for, there can be no doubt of the bravery with which these "curled darlings" of fortune—offering the sacrifice of rank and fortune to what is generally regarded in the world they belong to as the most "sacred" of causes—met the desperate charge of their opponents. Those of the former who fell in the fight are naturally extolled to the skies by the *Unicers*, which, in recounting the finding of the corpse of a scion of a house almost as old as the French monarchy, declares that "the fair young face of this descendant of the Crusaders wore a seraphic smile that seemed a reflection of the heaven he had entered; while, as though to heighten by contrast its beatified expression, the countenance of a Garibaldian, fallen beside him, expressed in its hideous contortions the demoniac horror of the hell to which he had been consigned."

Some of the haughty families whose sons had gone to Rome have seen them come back unscathed; among others, the parents of a band of five young brothers, all barons, all of whom were in the battle, and all of whom have escaped without a scratch.

The clerical party, amidst their jubilation over the repulse of Garibaldi,

are exceedingly scandalized by the fact that the grand ceremony of the consecration of the new and splendid Church of the Trinity has just taken place under the presidency of Baron Haussmann and M. Baune, both of them Protestants, but whose official position necessarily placed them at the head of the secular part of the arrangements.

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